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The Nation.

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)ITORIAL

'URNING THE TEAMSTERS

:on Carey's sensational victory over a hulking establishment in the Teamsters union is predictably being hailed as a David and Goliath story. Power approves such stories, which, by their rarity, affirm as natural a state of affairs mostly imperious to upstart challenges. But Carey is not a lone conqueror. His achievement capped fifteen years of agitation by thousands of rank-and-file unionists who risked their comfort and sometimes their lives for the right to control their union.

Change would not have come so swiftly without government intervention, but neither would Carey now be president without Teamsters for a Democratic Union, the insurgent caucus that insisted the government authorize direct election of the union's leaders instead of a plan for federal trusteeship. As a movement the T.D.U. has labored to define the content of union democracy—informing workers about shrouded contract negotiations, exposing corruption, securing worker rights, creating a vehicle for ideas and ultimately forming the organizational spine of Carey's campaign.

The success of this insurgency offers workers everywhere a chance, as one unionist put it, to feel heroic. It also emboldens other insurgencies. In June the New Directions Movement of the U.A.W. will put forward its own candidate for International president, Jerry Tucker, and will push to establish one member/one vote. After the Teamsters' sea change, can the defenders of one-party rule in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., many with reputations already tattered for trading a class-based agenda for a corporatist one, retain any credibility if they deny workers the right to choose their leaders?

Democratic first steps and rank-and-file movements are not yet enough to turn things around for labor. But tomorrow there will be time to argue about the structural impediments to change, even the degree to which Carey and the T.D.U. represent the masses of Teamsters. Today we should rejoice.

J.F.K. AND *JFK*
Alexander Cockburn

RURAL POOR
Dale Maharidge

GOVERNMENT OF LIES
Steve Tesich

SAVE OUR SALMON
Clay Hathorn

I.F. STONE PRIZEWINNER

THE BLACK AND THE 'RED'
Peter Dailey

ART THAT DISLOCATES
Arthur C. Danto

THE MAN AND 'THE MOVEMENT'

BUCHANAN—WE'D RATHER BE RIGHT

ANDREW KOPKIND

Concord, New Hampshire

Pat Buchanan struck at noon. Right on the button for the cable news shows and precisely at the moment when workers in the Capitol offices here took to the streets for lunch, the feisty fascist of Sunday morning TV chat strode up to the microphones to announce his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination. Of course the crowd was mostly media, plus staff and a ringer or two from other political camps. A Yale student working for Paul Tsongas had forgotten to take off his candidate's button, but he was safe in the throng. An ACT UP demonstrator crying "Fight Back, Fight AIDS" dramatically interrupted the scripted event and was carried, literally screaming and kicking, out the back door of the state office building where Buchanan was speaking. The national press corps, much too accustomed to New Hampshire in December, to unruly demonstrations everywhere and especially to Pat Buchanan, laughed derisively. It may be the last laugh of the season.

Buchanan's entrance into a particularly flat and tedious campaign has provided a certain volume and texture. He presents a serious though probably not life-threatening challenge to President Bush, but more than that, he injects what the commentators like to characterize as an "unabashedly" ideological element into the proceedings. (That's the word du jour. Tom Brokaw called Tom Harkin an "unabashed" liberal; Tsongas, we know, is unabashedly pro-business. Is Jerry Brown now unabashedly unbashful, Douglas Wilder unabashedly black, Bob Kerrey unabashedly wounded in war

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LETTERS.

What Is Patriotism?

This past Fourth of July, with America awash in yellow ribbons, The Nation *brought out its 125th Anniversary Issue, which explored the meaning of patriotism* [July 15/22]. *Reader response to the issue was enormous, by far the largest of this tumultuous year. Here is a sampling.* —*The Editors*

Evanston, Ill.
You have no idea how good I feel about the United States of America because of your magazine. Your patriotism edition was remarkable. Gentle, tough, tenacious, trenchant, constructive, brilliant, humorous pieces on the absurdity of patriotism, given the liars and the fascists in our government. They wouldn't know patriotism if it hit them in the crotch at seventy miles an hour.
William F. Grisham

Princeton, N.J.
Your patriotism issue was a sad example of the left picking up the worst aspects of mainstream culture. Progressive politics should be about alternatives and diffusing centers of power. Instead, you turned to a claque of academics, pundits and celebrities to produce a collection of musings that were occasionally interesting but more often remarkably unremarkable. *Donald N.S. Unger*

San Antonio, Tex.
A heartfelt thanks for your issue on patriotism. I include my own definition: Patriotism is the myth that confuses nationalism with virtue. *Larry Boudreau*

Union City, N.J.
An additional definition of patriotism from an ordinary citizen: Patriotism is the deepest devotion to the principles on which America is founded, which rejoices when America does right by its people and humanity, and which dissents nonviolently when it wrongs them.
John Tomasin

Tacoma, Wash.
Patriotism is an abstract, an ideal. It implies faithfulness to—and the word that follows is vital. If the word following is a material thing, such as "country," "tribe," "Commander in Chief," it becomes only nonthinking obedience. "Patriotism" should be used only with another abstraction. I am a patriot to the *ideals* of America—freedom, justice, equality of opportunity, etc.
Rosalind Veazie

Rhinebeck, N.Y.
Patriotism is to nationality what religion is to spirituality. Just as I don't let religion get in the way of my love of God, I don't let patriotism get in the way of my love of country.
Paul Swift

Abita Springs, La.
Patriotism is a kind of fascism that deserves the unflagging enmity of the left. The redivision of North America into autonomous natural and cultural bioregions would be the radical cure for the United States' size and scale sickness. On the level of bioregions, patriotism is unnecessary. It is replaced with organic participation in the life of a place. United, we fall; bioregionally, we stand.
Stephen Duplantier

Madison, Wis.
patriotism

Patriotism is the virtue of the vicious.
—*Oscar Wilde*

yellow sun-bleached ribbons
perched on utility poles
DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE messages reigning
down like a stream of bat's piss
Hugh Geenen

Los Angeles
I was surprised that so many quoted Dr. Johnson while no one picked up what Ambrose Bierce, that evil man, had to say in *The Devil's Dictionary*: "Patriotism, n. Combustible rubbish to the torch of any one ambitious enough to illuminate his name. In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer I beg to submit that it is the first."
James Lancaster

Ann Arbor, Mich.
Considering that half the population is female yet only a quarter of the published ponderings are from women, I think you've summed it up well enough yourselves. "Patriotism" is a word whose roots signify one's conduct regarding the *father*land. Etymologically, personally and politically institutionalized in our society, "patriotism" is closely related to "patriarchy." Neither patriotism nor patriarchy (nor *The Nation*?) has left much room for the voices of women, or the *mater*, if you will.

I did enjoy your color scheme on the cover—I saw red, too! *Riot* seems like the only thing worth salvaging. *Kingii Hinterland*

Ann Arbor, Mich.
We need a new word to express what used to be meant by "patriotism." We could counter it, perhaps, by "matriatism," but better to find a gender-free word to convey positive masculine and feminine nurturing qualities. Love of country today must also mean a love of Earth, and a commitment to conserve and preserve it as a habitation of life. Let's concentrate on finding a heart-grabbing word for that! *Marguerite L. Melander*

Berkeley, Calif.
It is not worthwhile to salvage a word t tainted by militarism to be redeemed. T word "patriotism" should either be eli nated or recognized for what it is: a call arms and nothing more. *Dan Stanislaws*

Clovis, Calif.
A patriot is a young man who, in the dark ju before the dawn on the last day of his life, pe haps, flies an overweight warplane from t pitching deck of an aircraft carrier to go harm's way to do mortal combat with h country's sworn enemy. Such a patriot cou become the elected leader of his countryme an honor denied themselves by those polled the misbegotten twisted sisters like the Bolshe viks at *The Nation*. *Bob Shouli*

New York City
Your patriotism issue brought back an event in Spain a few years ago. Sam Gonshak and I, both Spanish Civil War veterans, were in Guernica on June 1, 1985, not long after President Reagan's infamous visit to the Bitburg cemetery. We were there to lay a wreath at the historic Tree of Guernica. I spoke briefly, saying there are those who lay their wreaths on the graves of the Nazi criminals, but that we veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade pay our homage at the Tree of Freedom in loving memory of the *victims* of the fascist murderers.

I will never forget the speech of the organizer of the gathering. He referred to Sam and me as "Patriots of the World." Not patriots of the United States but "Patriots of the World." There have always been too many patriots in various countries straining to get at the throats of patriots in other countries.
Charles Nusser

Beaverton, Ore.
As a soldier during the war in the Persian Gulf, I thought of "patriotism" more as a global terminal illness than a prescription for the country's political health.

I didn't feel that way on November 22, 1987, when on the anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination I took an oath to honor his call to patriotism: "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." Nearly four years after I enlisted in the Army, I became the second soldier awarded conscientious objector status since the U.S. deployment in the gulf and was given an honorable discharge on April 16. During those four years I gave a lot of thought to what it means to be a patriot. When my son was born in March 1990, I devoted less time to practicing dismemberment and more time to practicing fatherhood. I came to think of people—first my son, then others—as having a value beyond all the tear-stained semantics of patriotism. It's hard to put a border around a breath, and my son's breath, the rise and fall of his chest, calls me

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EDITORIALS.

The Late U.S.S.R.

In the halcyon hours of *glasnost* and *perestroika*, a leading Sovietologist, generally high on Mikhail Gorbachev, had a dark moment of doubt. What if it all didn't work—the economic reforms, the popular democracy, the socialist renewal? "Let's hope it does," the expert told us. "Otherwise Gorbachev will be on a plane to the Hoover Institute and the Soviet Union will really be in trouble."

Gorbachev, at this writing, is still in Moscow, but his term has been cut short and he will be a stateless president by the new year. And the Soviet Union is in the deepest trouble of all, on the verge of extinction. Many Americans, especially those on the right, greet that news as tidings of great joy, a victory for America, international capitalism and self-determination.

But history, and of course the erstwhile Soviet citizens, may come to see it quite differently. However cruelly it came together and developed, the union of peoples from Minsk to Vladivostok had the potential to improve the lives and realize the dreams of millions, as a confederacy of sovereign and unequal states cannot. Certainly the Soviet Union had im-

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perialist and colonialist aspects, just as other continental unions of disparate sectors do. The United States, Brazil and China, to cite three examples, are paradigms of colonial development within their own borders. But democratic distribution of resources, participatory government and the institutional regulation of privilege are at least possible in a single state of many provinces, while they are virtually unthinkable in the motherland-overseas model perfected by the Spanish, the Portuguese, the English, the French and the Dutch.

Gorbachev wanted to make the Soviet Union work, and the fact that he failed in no way demeans his vision. Of his skill, not as much may be said. The wreckage we now behold was not historically determined—any more than Communism was. Gorbachev had options, he made choices. Some of them were correctly criticized as he went along, others will bear scrutiny in the years to come. But he must take the blame for making much misery along with credit for beginning the necessary process of change.

The old Soviet system is surely dead, but its replacement has not really been born. Boris Yeltsin's Commonwealth has the look and feel of impermanence. Dominated by Russia in politics and by Slavs in culture, it cannot for very long express the identity and aspirations of the other "nations" that felt oppressed by the Soviet Union.

Nor is there even the slightest whiff of democracy about the new setup, as Secretary of State James Baker and the old anti-Soviet activists in this country wishfully think. Gorbachev's reformed Soviet Union was far more democratic in its last years than the Commonwealth is now, or may ever be. In Russia, Yeltsin rules by decree in growing similarity to Czarist and Stalinist methods. In the provinces, renamed but unreconstructed Communist Party functionaries hold sway without even the countervailing forces of the reformed union. Baker and Lawrence Eagleburger, his deputy in charge of the modest U.S. aid program, promise they'll search for "democrats" in Russia and the other republics, but they certainly won't find any in power.

Politics in the new RussiaPlus is about power struggles, about privileges and about property—not about democracy. The questions most often raised by the new ruling elites concern what kind of authoritarian models and mixes of public and private capital will produce the greatest profits. China, which under Dengist repression is booming, is one possibility. South Korea, Chile, Taiwan and Singapore are viewed fondly. Nowhere can one hear much concern for the lives and the dreams of those who suffered under Stalinism and after but lack the new entrepreneurial spirit. If Darwinism has replaced Communism, it cannot enhance the common wealth.

Buckley's Search

Most of the December 30 issue of *National Review* is allocated to a 40,000-word essay by William F. Buckley titled "In Search of Anti-Semitism." There's much that could be said on the lengthy lucubrations of the former doyen of the now-aging New Right (see Andrew Kopkind's cover article), but for now let us observe only that in his search Buckley seems to have found what he was looking for, namely (a) that charges of anti-Semitism against *National Review* are false, (b) anti-Semitism on the right is no more, but (c) it is a growth industry on the left.

Buckley's focus, in the words of *National Review* editor John O'Sullivan, is on anti-Semitism "in the limited but influential milieu" of "opinion magazines, op-ed pages, syndicated columns, television talk shows." He confines himself to four case studies, three of them on the right—Pat Buchanan, Joseph Sobran and *The Dartmouth Review*—and one on the left, *The Nation*. Hey, that's us!

His first three findings, lengthily discussed, may be summarized briefly: Buchanan is found sort of guilty of making anti-Semitic statements but kind of excused on the ground that these arose not out of "anti-Semitic impulses" but from "an iconoclastic temperament"; former *NR* senior editor Sobran is convicted of reckless rhetoric but also excused of being an anti-Semite at heart; *The Dartmouth Review* is declared innocent of putting a quote from Adolf Hitler on its masthead because it was the victim of a hoax.

As for *The Nation*—can you stand the suspense?—*guilty* o publishing an anti-Semitic article by Gore Vidal ("The Empire Lovers Strike Back," March 22, 1986). Reasonable people might disagree with Buckley's first three verdicts, but we shal note only that his treatment of his colleagues is far more on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-more-sympathetic-hand than is his handling of Vidal. Ignoring the irony factor (which he grants Sobran), he flatly states that Vidal was "genuinely and intentionally and derisively anti-Semitic by whatever definition of the term." Of course, "he spoke from the Left, which, because it enjoys a certain immunity, watches its language less closely than the Right." Then Buckley proceeds to quote a number of letters criticizing Vidal that were published in *The Nation*, plus examples of *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz's publicity campaign against this magazine. Immunity?

That aside, Buckley does not disclose his longstanding animus toward Vidal, who had attacked him as a closet anti-Semite in *Esquire* and who, when the two appeared as ABC-TV commentators at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, called him a "pro crypto Nazi," to which Buckley riposted: "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a pro crypto Nazi or I'll sock you in the goddamn face. . . ."

Buckley concludes that the "survival of the editor of *The Nation* after the Gore Vidal episode" either proves that you can get away with just about anything these days or is due to the fact that its editor "is himself Jewish." Perhaps Buckley is on to something. Not only did we publish Vidal's attack on the Podhoretzes (in response to their attack on Vidal), we also published Robert Sherrill's essay on Buckley himself. Sherrill pointed out that W.F.B. joined his anti-Semitic father in opposing the marriage of his sister to a Jewish classmate of Buckley's. Sherrill also wrote: "If it is true that the evil men do lives after them, William Frank Buckley can be assured a certain kind of immortality. Or perhaps it is going too far to say that he did evil. . . . Perhaps it would be more accurate to say he lived off evil, as mold lives off garbage."

For concrete evidence proving his case of "the Left's" growing anti-Semitism, Buckley drags in anti-Semitic black na-

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tionalists and Palestinian terrorists—thus abandoning his original ground rules. Had he stuck to *The Nation*, he would have had to mention articles like Adolph Reed Jr.'s demolition of Louis Farrakhan or various critiques of Leonard Jeffries. He would have had to deal with Elinor Langer's special issue on neo-Nazis and skinheads, which, incidentally, traces the affinities between such groups and the prevailing conservative *Zeitgeist.*

As we noted at the outset, much more could be said about Buckley's article, but by violating his own ground rules and by applying a selective morality to "the Left," he misses a salient point about contemporary anti-Semitism: It is part and parcel of and is nourished in that terrain where Republicanism overlaps the isms and people who engage in gay-bashing, race-baiting (quotas, Willie Horton), Christian chauvinism, woman-demeaning (Alan Simpson et al. on Anita Hill) and all the rest. Get real, Bill.

Clearing the Air

On November 10, 1975, in what *The Nation* a few days later called "an odious expression of racism," the U.N. General Assembly voted to link Zionism with South African apartheid and condemn it as a form of racism. Now, after sixteen years, the United Nations has finally purged itself of this poison; perhaps it can begin to function in the Middle East (and elsewhere) as it should have all these years.

It is important to understand just how the "Zionism is racism" resolution was an endorsement of anti-Semitism. Some critics, and victims, of Israel have been confused, because Israel, once it had gained a territorial nation in which many Jews had dwelled since time immemorial, behaved no better (and sometimes worse) than any other nationalist state or movement. Many Zionists, like socialists and liberal democrats and monarchists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, have been white racists. The Arab minority of Israel is deprived of civil rights; members of that minority have been expelled from the land of their birth; Israel engages in acts of violence that go beyond a legitimate response to the violence committed against it. All that is true beyond any doubt.

But the Catholics of Northern Ireland (and the Protestants), the Anglophones of Quebec, the Serbs of Croatia and the Croats of Serbia, the Turks of Bulgaria and the Hungarians of Romania, the Armenians of Azerbaijan, the Tamils of Sri Lanka, not to mention the Native Americans of North America—all would be fascinated to learn that there could conceivably be any nationalism free of those aggressions and repressions for which Israel is properly but uniquely condemned. Fascinated, and quite properly skeptical. To have singled out Israeli nationalism for condemnation has been a hypocritical anachronism.

But much worse was the conflation of nation with race: a conflation to which, again, only Jews were subjected. For if those Jews who have thought and acted as though they are a nation were not to be allowed to call themselves a nation and to behave like a nation but were instead to be considered a race, of which Zionism is the philosophy, then the U.N. was repeating the doctrine that lies at the root of the most hideous crime of this century. Indeed, a moment's reflection would have shown that those ardent Zionists, the Jews of North Africa and Ethiopia, could hardly be said to belong to some white race that is oppressing the nonwhite peoples of the Middle East, since in almost every respect but language and religion they share more with other Africans and Arabs than they do with the Jews of Eastern and Central Europe. What could be the nature of their allegedly racial otherness but their Jewishness? To lump all those "Zionists" together, as a race opposed to another race, as an alien race among all the others, was to return to 1933.

The U.N.'s moral deformation has had a devastating impact on its functioning and on Middle East politics in general. As long as the U.N. resolution lurked in the background, defining the Jews of Israel as the members of a race—and an outlaw race at that—supporters and defenders of Israel could quite plausibly say that any opposition to Israel was nothing but anti-Semitism. Now the U.N., although still a deeply flawed organization, is morally free to insist on conformity to a long line of its official resolutions: the restoration of civil rights in Israel, the return of occupied territories and the rollback of the settlements, the trade of land for peace. Perhaps with the energy of new leadership it can even play an instructive role in the peace process, from which it should never have been excluded. Of course, it cannot do all this successfully without, in the end, taking a consistent stand on the other nationalistic aggressions of the late twentieth century, such as that of Syria in Lebanon, or Iraq against the Kurds. Whether collective security and multilateral diplomacy are possible in an age of American nuclear hegemony remains an open question. But at least the air is now clear. PHILIP GREEN

★

Gorbachev's Reward

He started down that slope so slippery.
Though talking toughly to the Gipper, he
Uncorked the bottle with the genie
Who showed the mighty bear was teenie.

And now his union's disuniting.
Does Gorbachev need some requiting
From those he previously was fighting?
Should Queen Elizabeth do some knighting?

Or Bush could now, at cold war's end,
Decide to send this newfound friend
A gift for tumbling Eastern blocs:
Four pairs of white athletic socks.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

J.F.K. and *JFK*

Whether J.F.K. was killed by a lone assassin or by a conspiracy has as much to do with the subsequent contours of American politics as if he had tripped over one of Caroline's dolls and broken his neck in the White House nursery.

Of course many people think otherwise, reckoning that once it can be demonstrated that the Warren Commission was wrong and Oswald was not the lone killer, then we face the reality of a rightist conspiracy engineered to change the course of history. (The idea of Oswald as a leftist conspiracy of one or more has perhaps fortunately never had the popularity one might have expected.) This is the view taken by Oliver Stone, who has stated in interviews, such as one in *Spin*, that "Kennedy was really moving to end the cold war and sign a nuclear treaty with the Soviets; he would not have gone to war in Southeast Asia. He was starting a backdoor negotiation with Castro." Instead of which good things, there was "the first coup d'etat in America."

In *JFK*, Stone leaves no doubt about the coup's sponsors. A sequence in grainy black-and-white, presumably designed for extra *vérité*, shows L.B.J. planning the assassination with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This is a $40 million equivalent of *MacBird*, though Stone's model is another Shakespeare play.

The core of this vision of history is put by Kevin Costner in his role as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison:

> We have all become Hamlets in our country, children of a slain father-leader whose killers still possess the throne. The ghost of John Kennedy confronts us with the secret murder at the heart of the American dream. He forces on us the appalling question: Of what is our Constitution made? What is our citizenship—and more, our lives—worth? What is the future, where a President can be assassinated under conspicuously suspicious circumstances, while the machinery of legal action scarcely trembles? How many political murders disguised as heart attacks, cancer, suicides, airplane and car crashes, drug overdoses, will occur before they are exposed for what they are?

Stone wrote those words himself (and at one point even planned to have the ghost of J.F.K. appear to Garrison as he stood in his kitchen making a chicken sandwich while watching news of Bobby Kennedy's assassination). It's an important passage, for in its truly fascist yearning for the "father-leader" taken from the children-people by conspiracy, it accurately catches the crippling nuttiness of what passes amid some sectors of the left (admittedly a pretty nebulous concept these days) as mature analysis and propaganda: that virtue in government died in Dallas, and that a "secret agenda" has perverted the national destiny.

With this demented optic, left ultimately joins hands with right, as happened during the Gulf War when the para-Birchist Craig Hulet won an enthusiastic following amid radical circles for his conspiratorial account of the Bush regime's policy even though anyone with half a brain could see after about thirty seconds exactly where he was coming from. Out the window goes any sensible analysis of institutions, economic trends and pressures, continuities in corporate and class interest and all the other elements constituting the open secrets and agendas of American capitalism.

The Ancestry of *JFK*

The psychic bloodlines of *JFK* may be traced at least in part to Ellen Ray, who met Oliver Stone in an elevator in Havana and placed a copy of Garrison's *On the Trail of the Assassins* in his hand. Along with Bill Schaap, Ray had published Garrison's book and, as I vividly recall from several conversations, has long felt that history did a U-turn for the worse when conspiracy laid J.F.K. low. Why the publishers of *Covert Action Information Bulletin* and *Lies of Our Times* should take this position I'm not sure, unless we take a biographical approach and argue that maybe it all goes back to Ellen's Catholic girlhood in Massachusetts, with an icon of J.F.K. on the wall. But then lots of other people including Bill didn't grow up as R.C. Mass.-based Jack fans, so the reasons probably lie elsewhere.

Intellectual ancestry for the assertion that J.F.K. would have pulled the United States out of Vietnam can be traced back to an essay by Peter Dale Scott, "Vietnamization and the Drama of the Pentagon Papers," which appeared in Volume V of the Senator Gravel edition of the "Pentagon Papers," published by Beacon Press in 1972. This volume, edited by Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn, offered critical commentary designed to put the Papers in perspective.

Scott, now a professor of English at U.C. Berkeley, attempted to prove by philological analysis that whereas the official editors of the Papers working in the Pentagon—headed by Leslie Gelb and reporting to Robert McNamara—wanted to show there was continuity of policy between J.F.K. and L.B.J., the opposite was the case. Scott's focus was on National Security Action Memorandum 273 and on shifts in the verbal expressions of policies that occurred between the Honolulu conference of November 20, 1963, attended by J.F.K.'s top advisers, and L.B.J.'s November 24 policy meeting on Vietnam, the first in the wake of J.F.K.'s murder and including the same advisers, which led to the adoption of N.S.A.M. 273 immediately thereafter.

Scott lays enormous weight upon minute textual alterations, signaling these with urgent italic. Thus, on October 2 the Kennedy position was "The security of South Vietnam *is a major interest of the United States as other free nations* [*sic*]. We will adhere to *our policy of working with the people and Government of South Vietnam to deny* this country to communism and to suppress the *externally stimulated and supported insurgency* of the Viet Cong as promptly as possible. *Effective performance* in this undertaking is the *central objective* of our policy in South Vietnam."

Such, in Scott's yearning interpretation, was the language of benign intent, as contrasted with the N.S.A.M. 273 language of November 24: "It remains the *central objective* of the United States in South Vietnam to assist the people and Government of that country *to win* their contest against the externally *directed* and supported communist *conspiracy. The test of all US decisions and actions in this area should be the*

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effectiveness of their contributions to this purpose."

To the sensible eye, those differences may be credited to the determination of an uncertain Johnson White House, following the assassination, to show the world its resolve, as opposed to the more anfractuous approach of a Kennedy White House trying to steer a path through the Buddhist crisis, the impending coup against Diem, the discontent of some liberals at growing involvement and the rage of conservatives that not enough was being done.

There was, however, no change in policy, and the measure of Peter Dale Scott's fantasizing may be gauged by his claim later in the same essay for the "overall Kennedy strategy for movement towards international relaxation of the cold war and conversion to a full-employment civilian economy at home." Military spending was slowing near the end of Kennedy's term for exactly the same reason it slowed near the end of Ronald Reagan's season in office. The largest and most rapid military buildup in the peacetime history of the United States had been accomplished. J.F.K. had doubled the number of Polaris nuclear submarines; increased Minuteman purchases by 75 percent, tactical nukes in Europe by 60 percent and the total number of weapons in the strategic alert force by 100 percent.

Kennedy, having fought the 1960 election partly on an imaginary missile gap, then acted as if this missile gap were genuine. In his vivid account in *High Priests of Waste*, Ernie Fitzgerald suggests that the military spending surge of the Kennedy years definitively undermined all rational standards of productivity and cost control achieved in the preceding seven decades (though an old auto worker from the Chrysler plant in Newcastle, Indiana, once remarked to me that such declines could be traced back to the cost-plus contracts of the Second World War). The idea that Kennedy was methodically tilting toward a full-employment civilian economy is preposterous.

Scott's essay has had a pertinacious half-life, and one of those paying tribute to it is a military historian named John Newman, one of Stone's advisers on the film. Newman's *JFK and Vietnam* first came into the offices of Sheridan Square Press, Ray and Schaap's publishing house, whence it was passed on to Stone, who assisted in its dispatch to Warner Books (part of the conglomerate backing *JFK*), which is publishing the book in February.

JFK and Vietnam is a serious book with two curious features. One is the absence of any substantial evidence for the author's frequently repeated claim that by February or March of 1963 J.F.K. had decided to pull out of Vietnam once the 1964 election was won. Newman's only sources for this are people to whom J.F.K. would, as a matter of habitual political opportunism, have spoken in such terms, such as Senators Mike Mansfield and Wayne Morse, both of whom, particularly the latter, were critical of J.F.K.'s escalation in Vietnam. Against their recollections may be placed the accounts of those to whom J.F.K. spoke out of the other side of his mouth, such as Dean Rusk or even R.F.K.

The other curious feature is Newman's inference that the assassination should be re-examined in the light of his conclusion that L.B.J. reversed J.F.K.'s stance on Vietnam. Perhaps he wrote this late section of the book after association with Stone had commenced. The *ciné vérité* of L.B.J. hatching the coup with the Joint Chiefs was but a short step, and Newman was on hand for the press briefings on *JFK* in Los Angeles in mid-December, ready with scholarly backup.

The Junkyard of History

Oliver Stone looks upon the assassination as the coffin of all the bright hopes of the early sixties. To get a truer insight all you have to do is go to a junkyard or an auto museum and look at the colors. Bright hopes were really being born in the mid-fifties, with Detroit palettes of desert rose, aqua, even paisley. By the time of the New Frontier the colors had darkened into the dreary greens, tans and drab blues of combat. With their prophetic three-year lead times, the colors told the story. Kennedy had betrayed the hopes of people like Stone before he had stepped off the inauguration stand.

"Get a life," Captain Kirk once told some Trekkies. Get some history too. Critics of *JFK* like Tom Wicker have fretted that "in an era when mistrust of government and loss of confidence in institutions (the press not least) are widespread and virulent, such a suggestion [i.e., that representatives of the ruling elites murdered J.F.K.] seems a dubious public service." In fact the dubious public service is to suggest that J.F.K. himself was not a functional representative of those elites.

The real J.F.K. backed a military coup in Guatemala to keep out Arévalo, denied the Dominican Republic the possibility of land reform, helped promote a devastating cycle of Latin American history, including the anticipatory motions of the coup in Brazil, and backed a Baathist coup in Iraq that set a certain native of Tikrit on the path to power. He presided over Operation Mongoose, inflicting terror upon Cuba. At the very moment bullets brought J.F.K.'s life to its conclusion in Dallas, a C.I.A. officer operating firmly within the bounds of Kennedy's policy was handing poison to a Cuban agent in Paris, designed to kill Castro.

Lawrence J. Bassett and Stephen Pelz wrote in the 1989 collection *Kennedy's Quest for Victory* that "by putting American advisers in harm's way . . . he helped to engage American patriotism in a war against the Vietnamese people. By arguing that Vietnam was a test of the West's ability to defeat the people's war strategy and a test of American credibility in the Cold War, he raised the costs of withdrawal for his successor." J.F.K. sent in 16,000 advisers, sponsored the strategic hamlet program, launched napalm and defoliation upon the South and covert terror and sabotage upon the North. He never entertained the idea of a settlement as advocated by J.K. Galbraith when the latter was Ambassador to India.

Thomas Paterson, editor of this volume, put it well. Only out of respect for history "emerges unpleasant reality and the need to reckon with a past that has not always matched the selfless and self-satisfying image Americans have of their foreign policy and of Kennedy as their young, fallen hero who never had a chance. Actually, he had his chance, and he failed."

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Keep Your Eye on the Pump

Forget about the October Surprise and look for a May Surprise. By then the price of oil should be dropping. This will spur a sputtering economy—a $5 reduction per barrel would have the effect of an immediate $30 billion tax cut—and certainly do no harm to George Bush's chances for four more years. That won't be any coincidence, predicts Edwin Rothschild, the energy policy director of Citizen Action, who has been advancing this scenario. Bush, conqueror of Iraq, has a fat chit he can play with those in the Middle East who control the flow, such as Saudi Arabia's honorable King Fahd, who has said of Bush, "A man of this caliber deserves to head the United States another time." Sure, a fall in crude prices would hurt domestic producers, but that might be a price worth paying for the opportunity to spend another term in the White House without any coherent energy policy.

The United States went to war and killed thousands of people (it never bothered to determine just how many), in part for oil. At the time, some wishful thinkers believed this traumatic event would spark a national debate about energy. That never happened. Could a presidential campaign be well suited for that? My colleague Jeffrey Young canvassed the major Democratic candidates to determine what, if any, specific ideas they had about energy policy. The Bob Kerrey, Bill Clinton and Jerry Brown campaigns had little to offer. In a recent speech, Kerrey did advocate an energy strategy that utilizes conservation and alternative sources "for the purpose of achieving trade balance, competitiveness and creating new jobs." Paul Tsongas also cries for more conservation and renewables, as well as higher gas prices and smaller nuclear plants. Doug Wilder's office forwarded his energy plan for Virginia, which urged efficiency and conversion of government cars to alternative fuels. The most visionary response came from Tom Harkin.

The Iowa Senator has produced a paper calling for a "solar hydrogen economy," in which solar energy would be used to split water into oxygen and hydrogen, with the latter becoming a fundamental energy source. A "solar hydrogen economy," he argues, would cause much less environmental damage and would not suffer supply problems. Harkin readily acknowledges that solar energy is not yet cost-competitive with other forms, and there may well be other wrinkles. Let's see if he turns his professed, and unconventional, desire for a radical change into convincing campaign talk.

■ GATTastrophe

Negotiators in Geneva are hustling to conclude the current round of talks on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—which, in the name of free trade, may lead to numerous challenges to U.S. environmental, worker safety and food regulations. Already the GATT overseers have entertained grievances from nations that consider such laws to be unfair trade barriers. The best-known case is Mexico's complaint about the U.S. prohibition on the import of tuna caught with methods that kill large numbers of dolphins. A GATT panel bought Mexico's claim, and the Bush Administration has pressured Congress to amend the dolphin law. Congress has so far stood firm, but a new Big Brother-esque GATT would increase the number of these showdowns and provide extra incentive for Bush to oppose laws that get in the way of business.

Who decides the difference between a worthy regulation and an unfair trading practice is at issue during these rounds. Codex Alimentarius, a secretive Rome-based group of scientific advisers, recommends environmental and health standards that may be used in settling GATT disputes. Codex is assisted in this endeavor by a bevy of corporate representatives, and the negotiations, if successful, will strengthen its role [see Daphne Wysham, "Big Business Hijacks GATT," December 17, 1990]. The present talks aside, Codex's influence is already rising in this country. When the National Marine Fisheries Service adopted quality-control standards regarding frozen fish, it chose the Codex levels so as not to cause any potential trade problems. And U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills says the White House will use Codex standards, generally less stringent than much U.S. law, as the basis for the free-trade pact being negotiated with Mexico. On one key matter—the use of the pesticide DDT, now banned in the United States—Codex has declared that there's nothing wrong with a little DDT on food. Mexico, under the free-trade pact, could thus argue that the prohibition on DDT-tainted food is a trade obstacle and then demand that the United States amend the law.

Public Citizen, along with environmental and labor groups, is trying to persuade lawmakers to back measures that will block GATT's regulation-gutting potential. They have economic nationalism on their side. ("I'll be damned," one legislator recently said, "if I'm going to let a bunch of foreigners tell me we have to kill Flipper.") But their campaign would be greatly helped by a redefinition of terms. After all, anti-labor laws (not to mention low wages), along with unsafe working conditions, hazardous chemicals and ecological pillaging, are in effect major subsidies to business, and thus could be classified unfair trade practices.

■ Proud to Swerve

"The cold warriors have done their job and achieved amazing results. We can all be proud of their work on the world stage." Those lines come from the aforementioned speech by Kerrey. The Senator has fallen victim to nostalgic amnesia. The cold warriors, to mention just one achievement, engineered the Vietnam War, which Kerrey, after serving his time and losing the bottom half of his right leg, spoke out against. Such pap as Kerrey now dishes out has become commonplace. During the Robert Gates confirmation hearings, Republican Frank Murkowski, vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, repeatedly praised the cold warriors for outdoing the Russians in the arms race and forcing the Soviet Union into bankruptcy. What a strategy. Now the largest landmass in the world is home to a disintegrating empire loaded with 27,000 nuclear weapons. Even cold warriors ought to watch what they wish for.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines "lustration" as "the performance of an expiatory sacrifice or a purificatory rite" and tells us that it was practiced by the ancient Romans. With little apparent awareness that the term is evocative of pagan religious ritual, the Federal Assembly of the Czech and Slovak Federative Republic recently adopted a Lustration Law, which bars those who had been members of the Communist Party above a certain rank, or who were registered in the files of the State Security as its collaborators, from serving for five years in managerial posts in the government, state-owned enterprises or various licensed businesses. Those who held Communist Party office only between January 1, 1968, and May 1, 1969—a period that embraces the Prague Spring—are exempt. Others may seek clearance, for example by claiming that they were mistakenly listed as collaborators or that they were not conscious collaborators. That is, they may be allowed to prove their innocence to the Federal Ministry of the Interior.

The proponents of the law argue that it is necessary to purge the government of those seeking to break up the country and divide it into Czech and Slovak states. They claim, with some justification, that certain old Communists have been reborn as populist nationalists and are promoting separatism. Indeed, a former major in the secret police now publishes the most extreme nationalist newspaper in Slovakia.

Advocates and defenders of the law point out that other countries undertook political purges and nevertheless either established themselves or survived as democracies in which civil liberties are generally respected. They cite Germany's experience with de-Nazification following World War II and the era of loyalty tests in the United States. In addition, they emphasize the fact that the Lustration Law expires after five years and that it applies only to those seeking or holding policy-making positions.

Neither the example of de-Nazification in Germany nor the loyalty/security purges in the United States is a happy choice of a model. Although the Communist system in Czechoslovakia was among the most oppressive in Eastern Europe, it does not bear comparison to the Third Reich, with its deliberate extermination of millions by reason of race. Also, what happened to the Nazis after the war should be seen in two parts. The first involved prosecution and punishment of thousands of Nazis in trials in which specific crimes were charged, standards of due process were observed and guilt was individually determined. Those proceedings began under international supervision at Nuremberg and continued in the German courts. De-Nazification was a second and separate process in which a relatively small number of Nazis were dismissed from their posts (until most of them were restored by various amnesties), while a much larger number readily got themselves classified as *Mitläufer* (perhaps best translated as "camp follower") and, often after paying a small fine, were considered "de-Nazified." Unlike the trials, which played a salutary role in subjecting the authors of some of the most monstrous crimes in human history to the rule of law, de-Nazification was a bad joke.

As for the post-World War II loyalty/security purges in the United States (such purges also took place after World War I, although in that terrible time for civil liberties, those were far from the worst abuses), they ruined the lives of scores of thousands and helped to cast a pall of orthodoxy over political debate, while probably contributing nothing to security. That the United States substantially restored civil liberties thereafter, in my view, is due largely to a historical accident. That is, in the 1950s it became necessary for the legal system to take the lead in invalidating racial segregation. That process invigorated the courts to such a degree that they also found the courage to strike down many of the laws and practices that enforced discrimination on grounds of belief and association.

In Czechoslovakia: collective determination of guilt, reversal of the presumption of innocence.

Those in Czechoslovakia who used their offices in the old regime to commit crimes deserve prosecution and punishment. Moreover, there are circumstances in which practices that did not constitute crimes may warrant dismissal or other sanction. For example, a college faculty member who reserved the highest grades for party members could appropriately be brought up on charges and, provided those are proved individually in a proceeding that observes due process standards, could be subjected to disciplinary measures. What is objectionable is the collective determination of guilt and the reversal of the presumption of innocence.

It is difficult to imagine what forces in Czechoslovakia might insure that the disregard for civil liberties that fostered the Lustration Law will be satisfied by its actual provisions. If anything, the early signs suggest that the poison is spreading. In early December the Minister of Education announced that all teachers and canteen workers employed by his ministry would be lustrated, even though they are not covered by the law. The same is happening in some private businesses—just as occurred in the United States four decades ago.

President Vaclav Havel has expressed his opposition to the Lustration Law, but apparently he felt his post obliged him to sign it (although it would have become law without his signature). Havel's position is complicated by the need to do all in his power to prevent the country from splitting into its Czech and Slovak parts, and his struggle to hold things together is reflected in his experience at a public gathering in Slovakia at which he was pelted with eggs. Yet, more than anyone in his own country or elsewhere in the region, he symbolizes the ethical force that made possible the peaceful revolutions of 1989. It is essential that Havel expend his moral capital and speak out now with all the eloquence of which he is capable to denounce his own government's abandonment of those principles with which he has been identified all his life.

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ARTICLES.

GRAPES OF WRATH REVISITED

And the Rural Poor Get Poorer

DALE MAHARIDGE

The road leading to Marysville, California, passes through some of the best farmland in the world, thick with orchards of peach, nectarine and prune. It's also a land rich with shacks and trailers and people—like that woman walking on the side of the road. With her tumbleweed hair and eyes as fierce as a winter sky, she is straight out of one of Dorothea Lange's Farm Security Administration pictures. This isn't surprising, given that Lange may have met the woman's grandmother while photographing the first New Deal government camp opened here in 1935 for Dust Bowl migrants. That camp was run by Tom Collins, who helped John Steinbeck in his research for *The Grapes of Wrath*.

All these years later, the Joads aren't doing so well. A movie-version sequel would find Rose of Sharon living her senior years in leaking shanty housing in Marysville, threatened by gentrification. Tom Joad's modern counterpart would be a victim of an unprecedented wave of rural unemployment, or working for the minimum wage, perhaps hooked on crank (methamphetamine), a rural version of crack preferred by impoverished whites. And others among the poor in the iconographic Central Valley, the Mexican and East Indian farmworkers, would be even worse off.

Rural poverty is far worse than its inner-city counterpart. Excluding crime, someone is now actually better off being poor (in terms of social services and jobs) in the South Bronx, Compton or Liberty City. Yet the illusion persists that the rural poor have it better, out there in the fresh air, with plenty of room to grow root cellars full of food.

We live in an age of ironies, and one of the most cruel is that many people who live where the food is grown are least able to acquire it. The rural poor often have no land to grow food on and pay more for it than people do in the cities, according to a Public Voice for Food and Health Policy study. Few competitively priced supermarkets exist—rural America averages just one supermarket every 265 square miles. There is a more limited availability of fresh fruits, vegetables and meats in those stores than in urban areas. At the same time, Public Voice says, the rural poor routinely exhibit clinical symptoms of hunger. And they are more prone to illness but have far fewer doctors, according to a 1991 report by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities. The study found just 97 physicians per 100,000 residents in rural areas, compared with 225 per 100,000 in cities; 111 rural counties had no physician at all.

Other studies show that working rural people are twice as likely to be poor as working central-city residents and have more limited access to adequate housing. While the rural poverty rate has always been higher than in the cities, each succeeding year following World War II saw rural conditions improve. According to the Agriculture Department, that changed in 1973, when a backslide started. According to the Population Reference Bureau, for at least twenty years prior to 1980, rural unemployment was lower than that of urban areas. Now the unemployment rate is higher, and the income gap between metro and nonmetro workers continues to widen. In 1979 rural workers earned $4,800 a year less than urbanites; in 1989, the department reports, the difference was $6,400 (in constant dollars). In places like Marysville, the jobless rate is consistently above 10 percent, rising to 15 percent in the winter. As in urban America, the official figure does not include the marginally employed.

The economy has been harsher on rural workers because their jobs are not on farms.

The rural poor are not welfare cheats, as the far right would have you believe about people who live in shacks and trailers. When doing research in rural Alabama for a book tracing the fate of the 128 survivors and offspring of the cotton sharecroppers documented by James Agee and Walker Evans in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, I found none who were on welfare. Seven out of ten impoverished rural family heads work, according to the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities. In fact, the rural household head who works is twice as likely to be poor as the urban household head; this is true for both whites and blacks.

The economy has been harsher on rural workers because their jobs are not on farms. A Population Reference Bureau study found fewer than 10 percent of the rural population on farms. Most work at unskilled jobs in resource industries or factories such as textile mills, occupations most affected by the faltering economy.

Marysville epitomizes the crisis facing rural America. When I started as a reporter for a California newspaper more than a decade ago, I made Marysville one of my beats. I interviewed people such as the woman who came from Oklahoma in 1934 in a Model T Ford that had only one problem: It lacked an engine. Her family harnessed the mules they used on their farm to pull the car across the desert to the promised land. A half-century later, she was living in a trailer and hoping to sell me a shirt for a quarter from a stand in her front yard. In 1986, when flood waters broke through the levees and forced 25,000 people to evacuate, I waded into the town and

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saw the onetime migrants and their children again defeated. I investigated methamphetamine labs run by what the Drug Enforcement Administration calls "six-toed Okie mutants."

I recently went back to Marysville, seeking the location of that first New Deal camp. When I inquired at the local library, the librarian whispered, "You mean, I hate to say it, you want to know about the Okies?" She produced some files labeled "Oakies." In Marysville, the town's leaders, many of whom trace their ancestry to the Gold Rush pioneers, still use this pejorative term and view them as unwanted outsiders, or even disavow their presence. After one of my stories was published, local politicians lambasted it in a public meeting and denied there was any poverty in their town. This attitude, prevalent in many rural areas, often keeps local officials from seeking scant state and federal money to build housing. Most of those dollars go to urban areas more eager to plead for it. In places such as Marysville, when affordable housing has been built, it has been bitterly opposed by the ubiquitous NIMBYs, who barely hide their bigotry.

Eventually, I found the site of the camp. It had closed in the 1940s. This past summer, the last of the rotting administration buildings was torn down by a peach farmer planting a new orchard. There was one remaining shack, occupied by a 70-year-old woman who pays $54 a month to the farmer. She is lucky enough to have some ground on which to grow food, and the farmer lets her harvest windfall peaches, which she cans. Many people who lived in the camp fanned south after it closed, building ramshackle houses on a reclaimed flood plain guarded by weak levees. This congested area, known as Olivehurst, was severely hit by the 1986 flood. Most of the people washed out that night never recovered—their crude homes were twisted off the foundations. Many left, and those who remain are struggling.

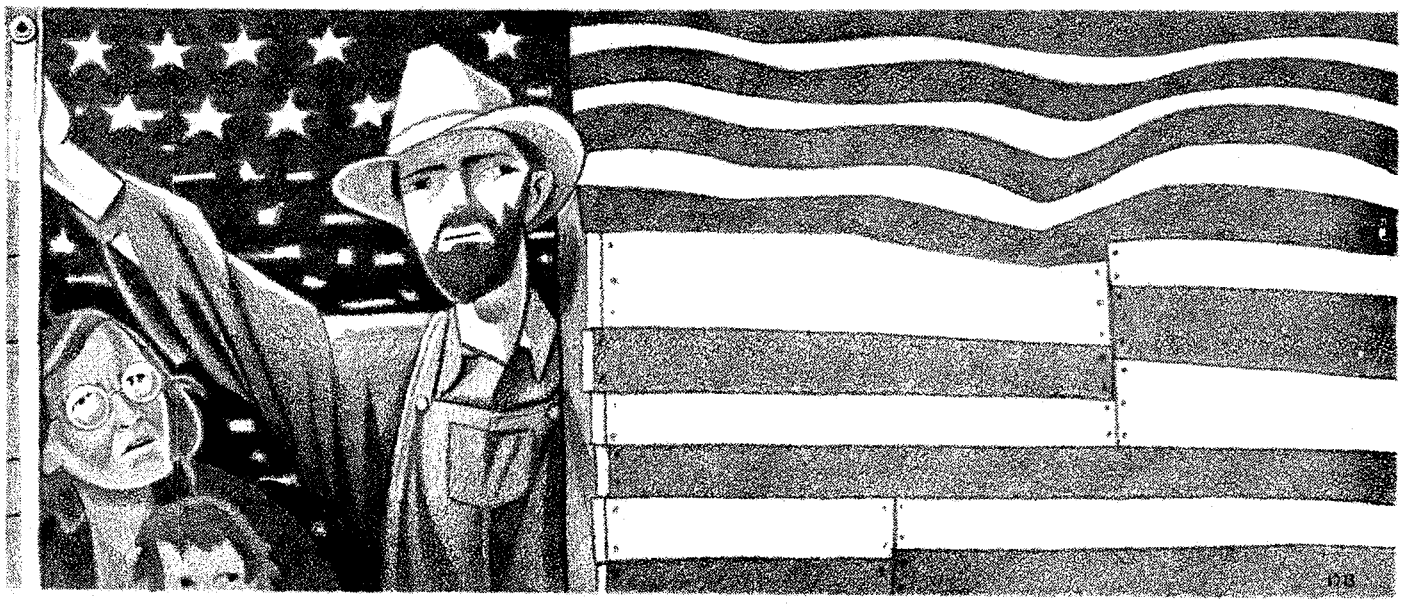
Edna Stewart, 62, lives in Olivehurst on a little over $8,000 a year from disability and Social Security; her son who lives nearby fixes cars in his driveway as his main source of income. Her home, spared by the flood, has other problems: She hopes to be able to lie in bed this winter without being rained upon. "The water just pours in," said Stewart, looking up at the barnlike ceiling. "With this ceiling it's really cold. I don't have a heater. Just the cookstove."

Stewart tried through the nonprofit Rural California Housing Corporation to get a loan to fix the rotting roof, but the Feds won't qualify her. Funds are sparse because of the cutbacks of the Reagan years. "We aren't able to make loans to half the people we see," said Beverly Fretz-Brown of the housing group. "They want to see a borrower without risk."

To help replace the badly deteriorated housing stock, the housing corporation has so far unsuccessfully tried to build a low-income apartment complex. Local government has done nothing. The corporation has worked on its own and will vie for state bond money just now being released from a 1988 voter initiative to build affordable housing. Rachel Iskow of the housing group said cities such as Los Angeles, which are eager and able to fight for the money, stand a better chance of getting it. "The lack of sophistication in rural areas is appalling," said Iskow. Even if farm towns want to seek these funds, "they just can't compete."

While there is little government money for either the urban or rural poor, banks have continued making loans to home buyers despite the inflated California real estate market. When two-bedroom bungalows in Southern California and the San Francisco Bay Area started selling for $250,000, buyers turned inland. Now it's not unusual for some people to commute an hour and a half from developments sprouting amid farmland; some drive from Bakersfield in the southern Central Valley to Los Angeles, a distance similar to that between Hartford, Connecticut, and New York City, without an intervening mountain range. Marysville, forty miles north of Sacramento, has also seen housing prices climb beyond the poor's ability to pay.

Across a field of star thistle behind Stewart's home is the California Heartlands housing development, still under construction. In front of the homes, which start at $105,000, is a for-sale sign festooned with flags. The phone number: 1-800-U-Can-Own. After the sales agent gave his pitch, I expressed concern about buying in such an impoverished area. "This town is going through a change from an agricultural



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to a bedroom area," the salesman said, assuring me that the poor would be priced out. "We're developing a whole new community. . . . It will be different. There's only 9,000 people here now. We're creating a keystone."

What effect the recession will have on such developments is uncertain. But the rental inflation now in place is unlikely to be reversed. Particularly hurt have been the Mexican migrants and Mexican-Americans who work the orchards. "In the past five years rents have doubled. Two wage earners cannot pay for basic needs," said Ilene Jacobs, a California Rural Legal Assistance lawyer based in town. She sometimes finds farmworkers living in miserable camps without water or toilets.

Irene Guzman, 33, is luckier than most. She lives with her husband, a fruit picker, and their five children in Mahal Plaza, a nonprofit apartment complex built with government loans specifically for agricultural workers. It is the only housing of this kind in the area, and there is a long waiting list to get in. Guzman's family would pay as much as $700 a month in rent on the open market for an apartment like theirs, which costs $250 a month. Her husband makes $40 to $50 per day picking peaches and apples as he migrates north to Washington State. Pay for fruit pickers has dropped, and each summer it seems to get worse. During the long winter months, the family has no income.

The farmers are an easy target, but in this part of California, it is still mostly small family operations that are going broke. I lived for a while with a peach farmer and watched him work seventy hours a week to earn a modest living. "They think you're rich," said Danae McDougal-Stewart, a prune and rice farmer. "This used to be the peach bowl. But prices have fallen and they're flying fruit in from South America. What's going to happen here? They're planning a city of 200,000 for the southern part of the county."

In the expanding urbanization the Dust Bowl refugees and the Mexican migrants have been consigned to the role of future homeless. Steinbeck envisioned the Dust Bowl migrants as unwilling revolutionaries, but as historian Charles Wollenberg has noted, they instead settled into the complacency common to the rest of America. The Mexicans who followed them have not had much more success in organizing against the farmers, much less in dealing with issues such as housing. "Either you work for what they pay or you don't," said Guzman of the farmers. So they sigh and endure. □

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THE WATERGATE SYNDROME

A Government Of Lies

STEVE TESICH

We're all too familiar with the term "Vietnam syndrome," but little has been said recently about another, far more disturbing and insidious syndrome that spawns ever more virulent strains of social decay: the Watergate syndrome. The revelations that President Nixon and members of his Cabinet were a bunch of cheap crooks rightly sickened and disgusted the nation. But truth prevailed and a once-again proud nation proudly patted itself on the back; despite the crimes committed in the highest office in our land, our system of government worked. Democracy triumphed.

But in the wake of that triumph something totally unforeseen occurred. Either because the Watergate revelations were so wrenching and followed on the heels of the war in Vietnam, which was replete with crimes and revelations of its own, or because Nixon was so quickly pardoned, we began to shy away from the truth. We came to equate truth with bad news and we didn't want bad news anymore, no matter how true or vital to our health as a nation. We looked to our government to protect us from the truth.

The high crimes and impeachable offenses committed by Ronald Reagan and his Administration, which included our current President, in the Iran/*contra* scandal were far more serious and un-American than the crimes for which Nixon was kicked out of office. These latest crimes attacked the very heart and soul of our Republic. A private little government was created to pursue a private foreign policy agenda and thereby circumvent the law of the land, the Congress, the Constitution itself. This hidden layer of government, which diminishes democratic institutions to a series of front organizations, is a well-known feature of all totalitarian regimes. In all of them there is the so-called "front" government line, which means nothing, and there is the "party line," which goes on behind the scenes. The line in this case was the Republican Party line, but it was no different in its implementation and in its implications from the Communist Party line of the pre-Gorbachev Soviet Union.

And yet, nothing happened. Nothing really happened. The Iran/*contra* scandal became the Iran/*contra* farce. President Reagan perceived correctly that the public really didn't want to know the truth. So he lied to us, but he didn't have to work hard at it. He sensed that we would gladly accept his loss of memory as an alibi. It had simply slipped his mind what form of government we had in our country.

When the war in the Persian Gulf began we not only ac-

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cepted but embraced with patriotic fervor press censorship of it. We would see only what our government wanted us to see, and we saw nothing wrong with that. We liked it that way. Our government was looking after us.

The charade of truth took another step when the diplomatic cables of April Glaspie, U.S. Ambassador to Iraq, were declassified by the State Department. The justification for the entire war rested on the premise that war was unavoidable and that our Ambassador in the firmest of tones had warned Saddam Hussein not to violate the territorial integrity of Kuwait. Our State Department assured us that this was true. Our Ambassador, testifying in front of the Senate, reaffirmed the truth of this position.

It now turns out that it was all a lie. But the fact that the Bush Administration felt safe in declassifying those cables shows it was no longer afraid of the truth because it knows that the truth will have little impact on us. The Administration's message to us was this: We've given you a glorious victory and we've given you back your self-esteem. Now here's the truth. Which do you prefer? The implications are terrifying. We are being told that we can't have both truth and self-esteem anymore. We have to choose. One excludes the other.

The implications are even more terrifying than this. We are rapidly becoming prototypes of a people that totalitarian monsters could only drool about in their dreams. All the dictators up to now have had to work hard at suppressing the truth. We, by our actions, are saying that this is no longer necessary, that we have acquired a spiritual mechanism that can denude truth of any significance. In a very fundamental way we, as a free people, have freely decided that we want to live in some post-truth world.

The Gulf War is over but the war at home goes on. The gulf between rich and destitute widens—between those of us who live in a modern postindustrial nation and those of us who live in the Third World countries of our inner cities. The present Administration's response to this internal crisis has shifted from benign to malignant neglect. The current levels of misery and decomposition of our cities and the economic gulags of our ghettos are acceptable. Since there is only so much hope to go around, there is a freeze on hope. The have-nots have now been reclassified as never-will-haves.

The dismantling of our Republic goes on, and if the spiritual and intellectual vigor of our children is the true indication of our future, then our future is even more troubling than our present. Our criminals are getting younger and younger and there are more and more of them. Eleven-year-olds are raping 9-year-olds. Little kids are killing one another. The suicide rate among the young has tripled in the past three decades.

We, unfortunately, would be willing to accept this level of decimation of our youth as a cost of doing business if only the kids who survived were to show signs of becoming productive members of our work force. But the state of the survivors is in decline. Either unwilling or no longer able to discern the true causes of this decline, we have reached the faulty national consensus that there is a crisis in our education system.

We keep asking why the level of our children's intelligence and competence, as measured by all our tests, keeps dropping. The reason is very simple: We don't want them to be well educated. The last thing we want now is for an intellectually and spiritually vigorous generation to confront us with the question of what we have done to this country.

We have forgotten the central premise that you educate by example. The practice and tolerance of racism is education. The system of justice in which the crimes of the wealthy and the powerful and the crimes of the poor are not the same in the eyes of the law is education. The daily affirmation that virtue is synonymous with profit is education. The Reagan-Bush decade of corruption and greed has been a decade of education. That our "education" President had a chance to preside over the first generation in this century to mature without a war, and that he chose to teach them a lesson that war is good, is education. That we no longer foster and welcome the idealism of our children is education. That we no longer see them as a precious asset and a source of renewal of our own ideals is education. That they're not even regarded as youth anymore but as a youth market is education.

We have lost faith and contact with our national myth. We are guided by expediency alone.

It's not that our education system has failed. It's that it has succeeded beyond our wildest expectations. Having taught our kids to tuck in their wings, to narrow their range of vision and concerns, to jettison moral encumbrances and seek self-fulfillment in some narrow sphere of self-interest, we then want them to be inspired members of our work force and make that better and smaller computer chip. They won't.

They rebel in the only way left to them. They die. The only reason we give for education is that it is an inoculation against unemployment. But neither the threat of unemployment nor even the promise of personal gain can replace that loss of human spirit for which there is no longer any function in our society. Being innocent and impressionable, the young are the first to react to the environment around them. Unless we are willing to change that environment, we must accept the verdict that our children have become the victims of choice for most Americans.

On May 27, 1991, a date that should not necessarily live in infamy but should be remembered, President Bush made the following statement: "[The] moral dimension of American policy requires us to . . . chart a moral course through a world of lesser evils. That's the real world, not black and white. Very few moral absolutes."

Considering the source, this statement is not surprising. Bush was always perceived by us as a moral cipher, but there was a time when this had a pejorative connotation, when he felt compelled to try to counter this assessment we had of him. He no longer feels compelled to hide. He can now boldly proclaim it as policy. In a way he has been very consistent. It's

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we who have changed. In an alarmingly short time we have transformed what we had perceived as a defect in him into a national cult. Hence his popularity. He speaks for us.

A world of few moral absolutes has a cozy universal appeal. It not only justifies mediocrity, it sanctions it. All of us who like to think of ourselves as ethical members of society no matter what we do can be comforted by such a philosophy. It offers easy self-esteem for every one of us, especially to our elected public officials who consider it political suicide to have strict moral standards and who, therefore, commit moral suicide to stay in office, and to the rest of us who need a flexible standard by which to measure our integrity. All of us can happily coexist in a world of few moral absolutes. It is only in such a world that we can go to war against Saddam Hussein, whom our President called "the Hitler of our time," and at the same time support with money and arms the genocidal monster of Cambodia, Pol Pot, who has spoken of Hitler as his mentor.

We fought the bloodiest war in our history over the moral absolute that human beings, no matter what their color, are not chattel. The self-evident truths mentioned in our Constitution have been regarded by many of us as moral absolutes. The true genius of the framers of that Constitution was that although *they* found "these truths to be self-evident," they worried about others. Had they been certain that they were self-evident to one and all, there would have been no need to spell them out. It was as if they were afraid a time might come when those truths would no longer be self-evident at all.

This new world order with few moral absolutes makes Stalin seem prophetic. By embracing such a philosophy, Bush, at best, appears to be a man who stands for nothing except re-election.

The myth of a nation, any nation, is a source of great strength. The myth of America inspired countless generations at home and abroad because a faith existed that we were moving forward as a people, and while benefiting from the patrimony we inherited, we were at the same time contributing by our actions to a better future for all. For 200 years that was *the promise, the living faith, the moral absolute and the true* north of our voyage.

There is a sense at present not so much that we have radically changed course as that we are lost. We have lost both faith and contact with our national myth. We are guided by expediency alone. Our democratic institutions are eroding, and they don't seem ours anymore. There is an uneasy feeling that we're now a collaborationist country, but we don't know for sure, nor do we want to know, with what or whom we're collaborating.

When lost, the most dangerous thing one can do is to blunder blindly ahead. The comparison may be too extreme, but when Europe was lost in the Dark Ages it went back to its heritage for enlightenment and proceeded into the Renaissance. We have that option as well, and with it the hope and promise of our own renewal.

Our choice is between our myth as a people and the mirage of our status as a military superpower. The mirage is very tempting. It stands there in front of us like some hallucinatory hologram shimmering with lights and fireworks. We can see in it whatever we want to see, but there is a tunnel waiting at the end of these lights. A monster with a human face is waiting to welcome us there and to inform us with whom we have been collaborating. □

FISH OR HYDROPOWER? BOTH

Save Our Salmon, Save Our Soul

CLAY HATHORN

If the Pacific Northwest has any soul, it rests in a strong, tasty and bug-eyed fish, the salmon. As with many of the region's denizens, it's an adventuresome beast: It runs rivers, explores seas, climbs mountains but always returns home. As a fisherman's catch it is thrilling. "I have lived!" Rudyard Kipling wrote after fishing salmon in the Columbia River. "The American continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best it yields." For Native Americans, salmon represents both food and religion.

But the Northwest has sold this soul for cheap power. The Columbia River system—the biggest salmon freeway in the Lower 48—is stitched with hydroelectric dams that produce the country's cheapest power, 40 percent cheaper than the national average. The dams not only fire industry, they supply water to make cropland out of rangeland, they channel rivers to ship freight, and they slaughter salmon by the millions. The number of wild salmon are 4 percent of what they were before the dams were built.

A debate is now raging over protecting the salmon. The federal government has listed one strain of the fish as protected under the Endangered Species Act and is considering listing three other strains. The topic is far-reaching. It strikes vital nerves—electric bills and fishing spots. In a year when the aforementioned act is up for Congressional reauthorization, it also promises to reveal whether the government, and specifically the Bush Administration, gives a flip about saving wildlife. As such, it stirs some blood, with Northwesterners making their excited claims: Fish or power. Power or fish.

Yet the issue isn't about fish *or* power; it's about fish *and* power. Even environmentalists like low electric bills. On a separate river, the Elwha in Washington's Olympic Peninsula, dam removal is a possibility for salmon restoration, but that's not the strategy for the Columbia. Conservationists, joined with sport fishing groups and native tribes, are looking for shifts in some standard procedures—for instance, reducing energy consumption so production can be slowed during salmon migration. Admittedly, some of these changes will alter economies, but they aren't nearly as rude as those imposed on the salmon. Fish and power. The salmon's allure and the attractiveness of hydropower—friendlier than most other energy forms—bring together forces that could forge a model

Clay Hathorn is a freelance writer living in Seattle who writes frequently on fishery issues.

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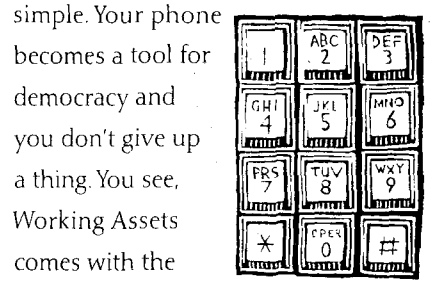

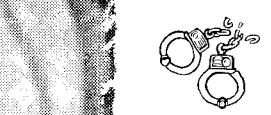

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of nature and civilization cohabiting. And, it's as close to a fair fight between nature and civilization as we're likely to see.

Tumbling from Canada south through Washington State until a wicked bend west along the Oregon border takes it to the Pacific Ocean, the Columbia is one mean river. It moves a quarter-million cubic feet of water per second to the ocean, enough for 30 million drought-dried Californians to drink a glass of water every second—or so calculates the *Seattle Times*, which also calls the Columbia "North America's biggest power plant." The river and its tributaries contain the world's largest hydroelectric system, with fifty-one dams. The major projects began in the New Deal days and have boosted manufacturing, agriculture and transportation.

Before the dams, a mere sixty years ago, this was wide-open country. Millions of salmon navigated the rivers, providing subsistence for native tribes, which celebrate the fish's anadromous qualities. Washington's Tulalips believe the first returning salmon of the season, called Big Chief King Salmon, is a scout sent from salmon at sea and that if they treat it well and return its remains to the water—after eating it—the fishing season will be good.

But the salmon populations are sinking like bones in the river. Before the dams, an estimated 10 million to 16 million wild salmon and steelhead returned to spawn in the waters where they were hatched. Now the runs are estimated at just 2.5 million fish, only one in four of which spawns naturally in streams and lakes; the others are raised in fish hatcheries. The Shoshone-Bannock tribes (descendants of Sacajawea, the Indian teenager who helped Lewis and Clark open the Northwest for white settlement) finally said Enough. The ShoBans filed a petition on April 2, 1990, seeking to list the Snake River sockeye, the strain that has declined most drastically, under the Endangered Species Act. (The Snake is the Columbia's biggest tributary.)

Salmon are born in rivers and lakes, migrate to the sea for one to six years and return to the place of their birth for spawning. These are strong fish—they swim upstream and up mountains—but they are not superfish. They cannot leap the 100-foot walls of Columbia's biggest dams, which wiped out about a third of the region's salmon spawning grounds. Because fish ladders, which the salmon hop up as if climbing stairs, were built at other, smaller dams in the Columbia system, salmon have continued to migrate.

The major losses come among juvenile salmon, called smolts, during their trip downstream. On an unimpeded river, smolts could flush through the Columbia in less than ten days. But the reservoir dams are often deep with slack water, leaving the smolts disoriented or open to predators. Others are chopped up in the turbines. Mortality rates are as high as 93 percent.

The Army Corps of Engineers, which runs some of the dams, takes 20 million juveniles around these obstacles each year in large trucks and barges. Not many fish come back. "I don't blame them," says Ed Chaney, director of the Northwest Resource Information Center in Eagle, Idaho, a private conservation policy group. Fish use the journey downstream to set guideposts for their return. Trucking throws them off. "You might as well hit them over the head with a hammer," Chaney says. Although other factors—overfishing, irrigation, pesticide runoff, cattle grazing, clearcuts—have hurt the salmon, the dams are the primary culprit. For example, some stocks off-limits to commercial fishers have not replenished themselves. "Once they stop fishing, you can't blame *them*," Chaney says. "Then you figure it has to be something else. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what that something else is."

The federal government has entered the fish-saving business, though its resolve is dubious. Responding to the ShoBans' petition, the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service (N.M.F.S.) has formally listed as endangered the Snake River sockeye, which travels almost 900 miles and climbs to a height of 6,500 feet to spawn. But the process took more than a year, involved no emergency measures and still hasn't produced a recovery plan, even though only four of the fish were seen in 1991. Industry-minded types mused what restoration's cost per fish would be, while pro-fish people like Andy Kerr wondered, "What the hell does it take to get action?" Kerr directs conservation efforts at the Oregon Natural Resources Council, a private group whose unofficial motto is "We sue a lot," a reference to lawsuits the council either filed or joined to protect other salmon strains.

Fish and dams can exist together with some rearranging of business.

The eventual proposal of N.M.F.S. enlarged the issue beyond a few sockeye. Three other salmon strains—one of them, the fall chinook, with a whopping seventy-five members—were proposed for listing as "threatened," a less severe classification than "endangered." An American Fisheries Society report, however, says that at least fifty native salmon strains are at risk of extinction in the Columbia River basin. Now the salmon may have to wait a year for the Commerce Department to make a final ruling, and if the fish are listed under the Endangered Species Act, recovery plans will be adopted. Rolland Schmitten, N.M.F.S. regional director, who, with a boxer's deftness, sidestepped questions about why the toughest protections weren't sought, says the act is "very serious" and any listing "mandates certain action."

Unlike many Congressional edicts, the Endangered Species Act has the teeth of a barracuda, if interpreted strictly. Adopted in the wave of ecology legislation of the early 1970s, the act says economic considerations can't affect a final decision to list. Findings are also supposed to be based on science, not politics. But politics and business are all mixed up with wildlife, as the Northwest is learning in its struggle with logging prohibitions to save the spotted owl. Yet the testing of the act with the spotted owl is seen as a pop quiz when compared with the salmon question.

The *Seattle Times* reported sources from both sides saying

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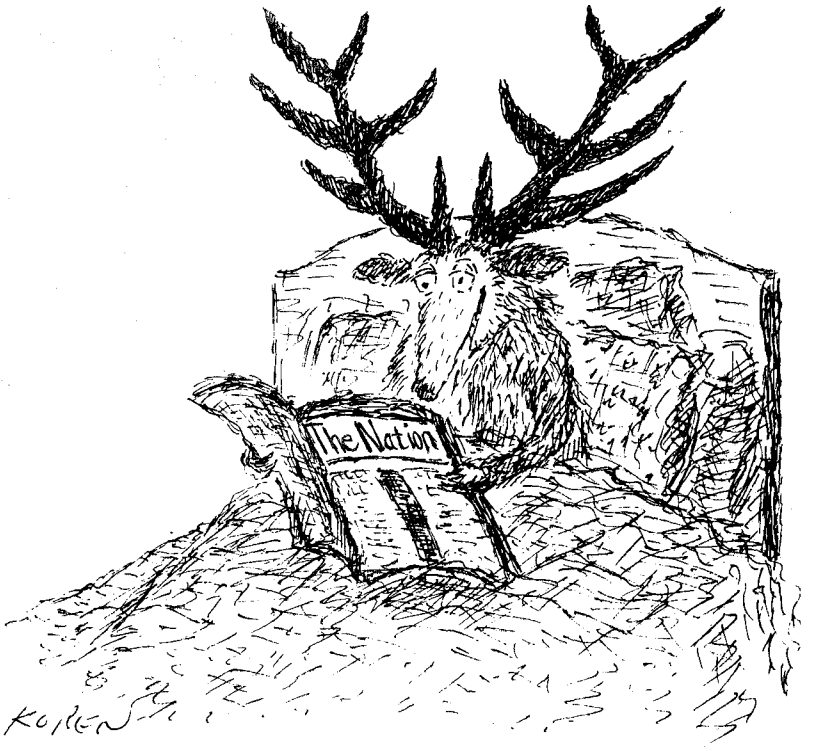

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they have been told "high-level pressure" was put on the N.M.F.S. to rate the fish as "threatened" rather than "endangered." Schmitten denies this. Environmentalists doubt his sincerity. Moreover, they fear the salmon issue will be used to strip down the Endangered Species Act when it comes up for reauthorization. Already the act is being berated by some Northwest politicians. Conservationists hope to use the strength of the salmon issue to keep the act powerful. "The American people want to save salmon," says Vic Sher, an attorney with the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund in Seattle. "This is an illustration of how the act is intended to work and how it will work."

Economic considerations don't have to be incompatible with recovery plans, though, which is where the meat of this issue lies. Political, industrial and environmental interests met last year for a "salmon summit" to haggle out the parameters of recovery. Prospects for concessions are mixed. "I heard some talk; I heard some very serious talk from public utilities," Oregon Salmon Commission manager Tom Robinson says of the meeting. "I also heard a lot of backpedaling and excuses why they couldn't do anything."

The primary issue is river flows. Pro-fish forces want the water to move faster through dams so smolts can survive reservoirs and get over spillways; the Bonneville Power Administration, the federal agency that markets hydroelectric power in the Pacific Northwest, says it can't produce enough "firm" power on a variable river but may be willing to try some changes. The Corps of Engineers has been even more stubborn, refusing for the past ten years to participate in an experiment to flush more water through the Snake.

Fish and dams can exist together, conservationists say, with some rearranging of business. Start with the sale of energy. Publicly regulated utilities should be just that. If reducing energy needs saves salmon (by increasing flows), regulate Bonneville Power to make money from *saving* instead of *selling* energy. Consumers could be given loans to insulate homes to cut usage. Next, take the aluminum factories. Kerr, of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, says eleven aluminum plants on the river system provide one-fourth of 1 percent of the jobs in the Pacific Northwest but consume 20 percent of the power. Their energy use could be cut by forcing conservation measures in production or mandating recycling measures. Reducing barge traffic, at least during peak salmon runs, would also allow increased flows. Rail lines already built along the rivers could transport freight.

What about the loss of jobs? Much of the river industry receives government subsidies in the form of cheaper power, river access, dam use. Re-allocate the subsidies to create other jobs, train workers or, for that matter, as Kerr puts it, "You could give them $50,000 a year to sit home." For example, closing or scaling back an aluminum plant would mean that less power is needed, saving fish. And, Kerr says, because aluminum plants pay a lower rate than other consumers, a portion of the electricity could be sold to raise money to help displaced workers.

The innovations could inspire similar action nationwide and provide a model for living with wildlife: efficiently run plants, energy-saving homes, salmon-filled rivers. But don't count on it. Although many of these changes make as much sense as personal hygiene, business will object. "This is the same mindset that said, 'We'll go out of business with child labor laws and the eight-hour day,' " Kerr says. Chaney, sounding a bit battle-weary, adds, "The people who have their feet in the public trough are tough to dislodge. I would say the odds are not good we're going to save a lot of these fish." For what? Energy policies? How much longer must we kill—in rivers or in wars—for misguided energy use? The water should be allocated so every interest has a share—fish, dams, agriculture—dispersing the costs evenly. These are necessary costs to business, to life. A region's health should be defined at least partly by the health of its wildlife. In the Northwest, that could be salmon. It's a matter of saving souls. □

NATION/I.F. STONE AWARD

The Pro-Police Review Board

We are pleased to announce that the winner of the second annual Nation *Magazine/I.F. Stone Award for Student Journalism is Jennifer Vogel, a student at the University of Minnesota. Her article, excerpted below, first appeared in the May 1, 1991, issue of* City Pages, *the Minneapolis/St. Paul alternative newspaper. The award, which carries a prize of $500, is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college (the deadline for next year's award is June 29). In judging the competition,* The Nation*'s editorial staff considered numerous entries submitted by writers or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. Jennifer Vogel's reporting is very much in the I.F. Stone spirit. While the major media in the Twin Cities hailed the new police review board as a breakthrough in community relations, Vogel was documenting how it had a pro-police bias from the start.*

—The Editors

JENNIFER VOGEL

The outcry in Minneapolis for an external review process for misconduct complaints against the police has risen and fallen over the years. It reached a new height after a pair of 1989 incidents. In the first, an elderly black couple were killed in a botched January 25 drug raid by Minneapolis police. Cops threw a stun grenade into Lloyd Smalley and Lillian Weiss's home thinking it was a center for drug sales; the grenade started a fire that killed the sleeping couple. A few days later police leaked the claim that Smalley, 71, had died with "traces of cocaine" in his system; no disciplinary action was taken against the officers involved. A week later, the controversy got even hotter when Minneapolis police broke up a party at the Embassy Suites Hotel attended mostly by black college students. Partygoers accused the police of physical brutality and racial slurs.

Protests broke out in front of City Hall, Mayor Don

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Fraser's office and the state Capitol. Community leaders "rammed the issue down the City Council's throat," in the words of one community activist. That April, Council President Sharon Sayles Belton appointed a twenty-two-member Civilian Review Working Committee to look at police review boards around the country and come up with a proposal for Minneapolis.

The critical question was whether the board would have subpoena power, which—in the view of national experts on civilian review as well as local activists and working committee members—amounts to the difference between a board with the legal means to do substantive investigations and one whose powers are marginal at best. The ordinance passed by the Council actually contained a tentative provision giving the board subpoena power, contingent on the state legislature's approval. But six months after the ordinance was passed, Sayles Belton announced she wasn't going to ask the legislature for subpoena power. "The police lobby would have squelched any attempts to get subpoena power, which they are vehemently opposed to," she said. She added that police have to cooperate with the board as a condition of their employment, and that civilian witnesses would probably come forward on their own.

Both claims are questionable. Although the civilian review ordinance does require police cooperation with any "reasonable requests for information," it doesn't spell out what that means. Nor does it spell out the consequences for failure to comply, except to say the Mayor could be drawn into the fray. As for civilians voluntarily coming forward to testify against police—particularly people from minority communities, where most complaints occur—cooperation is anything but guaranteed. Police forces traditionally have ways of bringing pressure to bear on people they view as agitators.

"Subpoena power is important to reach civilians," says Ann Viitala, a lawyer who served on the working committee and was later appointed to the review board. "People aren't necessarily going to want to come forward and put their name on the line against a police officer. At least if they can say they had to, it can make a difference."

By the time the ordinance was passed, a number of community leaders had already denounced the process. But the Coalition for Police Accountability (which includes members of the N.A.A.C.P., the National Lawyers Guild and Women Against Military Madness) pledged its continued support, calling the draft a workable compromise and a step up from the police department's Internal Affairs Unit.

The group Sayles Belton was deferring to in her decision not to ask for subpoena power was the Minneapolis Police Federation, the city's police union. Historically, the federation has been a formidable—and consistently reactionary—force in the state legislature and in city government. Federation representatives, including attorney Gregg Corwin, have been opposed to the idea of civilian review from the beginning. Corwin has attended nearly every meeting pertaining to the board, frequently accompanied at the earlier ones by a handful of police—who often hissed and hooted at statements they didn't like. Through the months, Corwin has had input into the rule-making process; at times board members have asked him for legal interpretations of measures they were grappling with.

In June 1990 the City Council and the Mayor announced their appointments to the board. About 140 people had applied for the seven positions. The Mayor picked Gail Baez, a Hispanic Hennepin County prosecutor who works in the narcotics unit; Viitala, a white lesbian who currently works with the Minnesota American Indian AIDS Task Force; and David Ward, a white University of Minnesota professor of criminology. The Council selected Bob Madryga, a white retired police officer; Joe Senser, a white bar owner and former Viking tight end [Senser has now been replaced by Helen Marie Lewis, a black woman]; Bob Boughton, a black elementary school teacher and former patrol agent for the Minneapolis Park Police; and Shirley Cain, a Native American community advocate. Mayor Fraser selected Boughton as the board's chairman.

'I think they carefully selected the board members. They took care in appeasing the police.'

From the beginning the board was framed in terms conciliatory to the police department. The ordinance setting up the board stipulates that "the Review Authority shall consult with the Chief of Police in developing . . . rules." Most onlookers didn't have a problem with that, but they were concerned that the police were exerting too much leverage and that the public was getting closed out of the process. Garmez Parks, a black community activist and a graduate of the University of Minnesota Law School, says, "It's amazing how the board can be selected by people not part of the community—the City Council and the Mayor. The people who struggled for civilian review aren't even on it. Those who sweated for it most aren't even involved."

"Minorities and the poor are who the police are abusing," says Matthew Little, president of the Minneapolis N.A.A.C.P. "I'm sure Boughton has some sensitivity. You can't be black in America and not [have any], but he's not readily identifiable with the people that would primarily be involved here. At least sixteen people I know of myself put their names in, people who are more representative of the community at large. I knew they would be good people."

Claiming they wanted members who were "unbiased," the City Council and the Mayor didn't choose any of those people. Lucia Wilkes, a member of the Coalition for Police Accountability and one of the few nonpolice types to attend public meetings of the board faithfully, says, "I think they carefully selected the board members. They took care in appeasing the police. The concern was with making a board that police could live with." What the City Council and the Mayor didn't seem to be addressing was the already waning community trust.

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Once the board members were selected, the City Council and the Mayor's office were pretty much finished with their part of the process. The board hired Earl Craig, now the head of the Neighborhood Revitalization Program, to help develop operating rules. But the mark of continuing pro-police influence was soon apparent. Garmez Parks was hired to assist Craig with research. But after a confrontation between police and black mourners in front of North Memorial Hospital in June, Parks says, he was fired, purportedly at the request of board member Gail Baez. "It was relayed to me that I had too much tie to the community in the struggle against police brutality," says Parks, "and that I would have a bias. That was ludicrous because all I did was research. I made no decisions. Craig had to O.K. whatever I did. They told me I shouldn't attend any more meetings." (Craig wouldn't comment on Parks's removal, and Baez denies any involvement.)

The board appointed a rules committee consisting of Baez, Ward, Viitala and Boughton. They met weekly, sometimes twice a week, until they had developed an outline. Some controversial points were taken back to the full board for a vote. The main issues at hand were the standard of proof (how much evidence is needed to find against an officer), the statute of limitations (how long complainants have to file after an incident) and the means of selecting panels to hear cases (random or chair-appointed).

Civilian review boards need a strong critical voice from day one to win public credibility.

Nearly every civilian review board in the country uses "preponderance of evidence" as its standard, meaning that in order to sustain a complaint the board need only find that *most* of the available evidence supports the complaint; this is also the standard used in civil court cases. By a 4-to-3 vote, the Minneapolis board opted for the stiffer standard of "clear and convincing" proof to sustain complaints against officers. Baez defends the higher standard: "The more impact a decision will have on the accused person's life, the higher the burden of proof should be. The potential of a judgment coming down against a police officer is severe. There is emotional hardship; they could lose pay or their job."

Viitala, who voted for the lower standard, counters that complainants have hardships too, and that police officers hardly ever lose their jobs or even get disciplined. "In the rule-making process," she goes on, "it seemed the board overall was more concerned with earning the trust of the police officers than of citizens. There was more willingness, more interest in compromise, on issues of interest to the police. If it was an issue of the community, the attitude was, 'They'll just have to trust us.' "

Viitala agrees with critics that part of the reason for the pro-police slant of the board probably lies in threats lodged by the Minneapolis Police Federation. The federation has been especially adamant in opposing attempts to open up the hearings, which are closed to everyone except the police. As it stands, even the complainant is excluded from the process. He or she can be in the hearing room only while testifying and can't see the investigative files gathered by the police board. All complainants get, besides the chance to testify, is a letter telling them whether the complaint was sustained and a short account of any disciplinary action taken.

Wes Pomeroy, the director of Miami's Dade County Independent Review Panel and a past president of the International Association for Civilian Oversight of Law Enforcement, stresses that civilian review boards need a strong critical voice from day one to win public credibility; he says most get co-opted very easily. "Civilian review boards are generally easier on the police than their own organizations," he claims. "They begin to understand the cops' job and start empathizing with the good cops. The board has to be careful that it doesn't start advocating the police and forget the other guys. They can also be co-opted in other ways. There was a good one that started in Philadelphia in 1960. In a couple of years, the police had co-opted people on the board. They got sympathizers." According to critics, the Minneapolis board was stacked with sympathizers from the outset.

It was up to the board to pick an executive director, and in November 1990 it chose Minneapolis lawyer Randall Smith from a field of more than sixty applicants. The director's job is an important one. Since complainants can't be represented by their own attorneys, they have to rely on Smith to defend their side of the story after they've left the room. In view of Smith's role as de facto public defender, activists from the Coalition for Police Accountability urged him to get out in the community and talk to people, make himself a presence. But Smith, a soft-spoken, meticulous man who seems more comfortable talking about procedural and administrative issues than people issues, says that so far, "I haven't gone out real aggressively to talk with the community. My most important role has been setting up the process, not P.R. or selling to the community."

As far as resources go, some board members have serious doubts that they have been given enough money to do the job. The board's 1991 budget was $283,000. Considering that figure, the City Council decided to hire only two investigators. The police department's Internal Affairs Unit had six. Gene Kulander, who headed Internal Affairs until mid-April 1991, says about two-thirds of its caseload stemmed from civilian complaints, which means I.A.U. devoted roughly four investigators to the same case base that will now be handled by two review-board investigators. [The board's budget has been raised to $341,000. There are now three investigators on the review board, but the I.A.U. staff has been cut to two.]

Can so few investigators possibly do the job? Smith says the board will approach the question with a "wait and see" attitude. But the public will have to trust the judgment of board members and city officials on that count; the city's narrow reading of the Minnesota Data Practices Act, which

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deems all investigative files nonpublic information, means there will be nothing to see in the public record.

The Coalition for Police Accountability asked for a meeting on November 30, 1990, with Mayor Fraser and Council President Sayles Belton to express its concerns with membership and rules. At the meeting, Fraser and Sayles Belton asked coalition members to compile their complaints in a letter. On January 25, 1991, the City Council met to finalize board rules. The Coalition for Police Accountability had asked that the Council consider some of its complaints before voting, but the Council went ahead and passed the rules. The coalition—the last community organization to support the board formally—walked away.

Lucia Wilkes is disappointed that what started out as a hopeful venture has turned out so poorly. What concerns her now, she says, is that people may misunderstand what has happened. "There is a danger," she says, "that people will believe that civilian review is in place and acting on behalf of the community. People will be as frustrated with civilian review as with Internal Affairs. Until people find that out, they will be comfortable with it. It creates an illusion that there is a place for recourse." □

Pat Buchanan

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

and Bill Clinton unabashedly well groomed?) As an ideologue, he is able to lift the campaign from an exercise in poll reading and force the Democrats as well as Bush to think real thoughts, and perhaps even say what they mean. That can't be all bad.

In his noontime announcement on December 10, Buchanan hit all his ideological buttons. None of this value-neutral "the cold war is over" stuff you heard from the Democrats in their mid-December debate, and even from Bush as he desperately tried to prop up Mikhail Gorbachev in the Soviet *Götterdämmerung*. "By the grace of God," Buchanan intoned, "America won the cold war." That happy victory, he went on, has allowed nationalisms to flourish from Croatia (a favorite of the right wing) to Ukraine to the Americas. Buchanan is in favor of self-determination for everyone with enough cloth for a flag and a trumpet to blow a national anthem. He supports Palestinian nationalism, which is something of a first for serious presidential candidates of either party from time immemorial, and he has written in favor of the dissolution of Canada into several parts, with Quebec going its bloody-minded Gallic way and the English-speaking provinces joining the United States for an Anglo-Celtic bulwark against the darker peoples. (That was before several Anglophone provinces went social democratic.) Just the other week he said on *MacNeil/Lehrer* that although he wasn't particularly in favor of wholesale immigration, he'd prefer a bunch of assimilable Englishmen to "a million Zulus" taking up residence in Virginia. Surely he was speaking metaphorically. For Buchanan, the Zulus start in Montreal.

"When we say we will put America first," Buchanan explained, "we mean also that our Judeo-Christian values are going to be preserved, and our Western heritage is going to be handed down to future generations, not dumped onto some landfill called multiculturalism."

Buchanan's voice was uncommonly low, his eyes lowered to the printed page of his speech, but his words were as charged as ever. "Phase out foreign aid," he demanded. Liquidate "the predatory traders of Europe or Asia." Rid Washington of "registered agents of foreign powers hired to look out for everybody and everything—except the national interest of the United States." Cleanse "our popular culture of books, movies, films"—the ones, that is, that abjure the J-C values. "Cure . . . a society suffering a chronic moral sickness." "Take back our streets from the criminals." "Take back our party." "Take back our country."

You don't need a deconstructionist to know what those words signify. The disease allegories, the white supremacist fantasies, the nativist paranoia, the cultural puritanism, the sexual repression, the seething violence: We've heard it before. Of course it has echoes from Germany and Italy in the time of the dictators, from Greece in the decade of the colonels and more recently from England, France and Germany again. But it has American roots as well, from the Know-Nothings of the mid-nineteenth century to the populist racists a century ago to Father Coughlin in the 1930s through the Liberty Lobby to David Duke. And Pat Buchanan lands at the end of that line.

What's remarkable is that Buchanan is more or less legitimate as a candidate while Duke is not. Certainly Buchanan's status as a White House attaché (under Nixon and Reagan) and an affable media performer gives him a big boost in the press, while Duke's history in identifiable Nazi organizations is something of a minus. But Buchanan is able to do something else that is more important: He deliberately and methodically relates his candidacy to the conservative movement that began before Barry Goldwater, triumphed with Ronald Reagan and is now wandering in the wilderness waiting for a new messiah.

Busing down to Manchester after his Concord opener, Buchanan spoke to his supporters and random Bush-beaters in a cramped second-floor campaign office in the center of town. He hardly mentioned his program or his battle plan. Instead he recounted his history in "the Movement" over the course of some thirty-five years and anointed himself the true heir to the departed Reagan. There is power in that history, and it gives Buchanan a role more central than the one he'd ordinarily have as just another crackpot on the margins of the Republican Party. For it's true that the Movement is still out there in America, potentially powerful but at the moment leaderless and incoherent. Buchanan is as authentic a soldier in the cause as anyone else on the scene, and can fairly bid for leadership. Duke, on the other hand, is discredited as a white-sheeted sectarian with no ties to the core figures of the right over the past decades. Buchanan—just by announcing his availability—becomes the Movement's spokesman.

The Democrats this year have no one who authentically ex-

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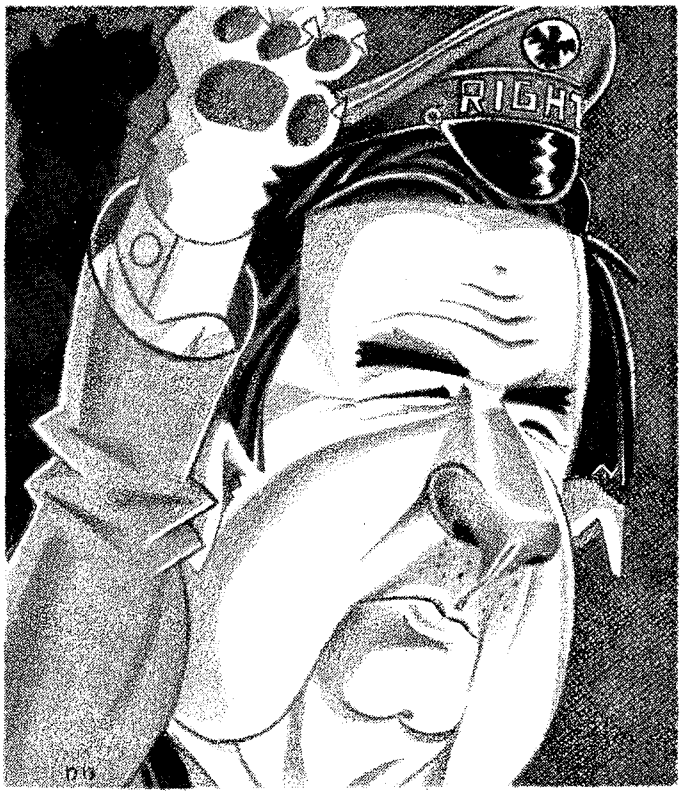
presses the Movement of the left, which, for better or worse, has intersected with their party for more than a century. Jesse Jackson fulfilled that role last time around, and his success in introducing unabashedly ideological notes into an otherwise opportunistic campaign was a direct consequence of his function as Movement leader as well as candidate. He was able to talk about class, about race, about culture, about nationalism—Buchanan's topics too—because they were ideas inherent in his social mission. He may not have expressed them perfectly, but like Toonces, the cat who could drive a car, though poorly, the wonder was that he could do it at all before he cracked up.

Pat Buchanan must shoot his wad in New Hampshire. If he can't damage Bush here he can't do it anywhere, at least not in the time frame that matters in a presidential campaign. He has a lot going for him in this first primary state. The economy is as bad as anywhere in the country; *The New York Times* finally used the word "Depression" to describe conditions here just a few days after Buchanan announced.

But Bush is unpopular not only for his mismanagement of the economy. New Hampshire Republicans seem to blame him personally for abandoning them to whatever wolves have descended from the notches since the primary almost four years ago. "There's a deep unhappiness with Bush," a prominent state politician told me. "For eight years as Vice President he catered to us like no other politician in the world. If he walks into a room of Republicans anywhere in the state he will know half or three-quarters of the people."

New Hampshire returned the attention in 1988. Bush had been badly beaten by Senate minority leader Bob Dole and televangelist Pat Robertson in the Iowa caucuses. If Bush lost New Hampshire he'd effectively be finished as a candidate.



In the eight days between Iowa and New Hampshire, Bush pressed New Hampshire Governor John Sununu to save his campaign. Sununu pulled out all the stops. First off, he got Bush to reiterate "the pledge" to eschew all new taxes that New Hampshire politicians are obliged, almost by law, to take to win endorsement by the powerful Manchester *Union Leader*, perhaps the most right-wing daily paper in the country. Dole would not so pledge. Sununu then leaned on the media, particularly the most important television station in the state, Channel 9, the ABC outlet in Manchester. In the last days, that station became a Bush booster. Sununu called in every marker owed to him by Republican apparatchiks from the Massachusetts border to beyond the mountains. And of course it worked. Republicans in New Hampshire, to this day, believe they made Bush President.

Many believe, however, that once in office Bush let them twist in the wind. Sununu is seen as a traitor. "Sununu lost interest in us," the local pol said. "He and Bush raised taxes when he promised he wouldn't. He excluded conservatives—and New Hampshire is a very conservative Republican state—from the party. He muzzled Jack Kemp and put in mink coat Republicans like Mosbacher and Brady. He's surrounded by victims of too much inbreeding."

None of this makes much sense if you think about it. Reagan had enough minks around him to put Blackglama out of business, and after eight years of Reagan rule the G.O.P. gene pool was a shallow stinking slough. But that doesn't impress the ornery Hampsters. Bush simply isn't in the Movement they find so supportive, and Buchanan looms as a way to express their anger and protest their victimization.

The trouble for Buchanan is that his wad will not be powerful enough to wilt the forces that still get some benefit from the national party. So far, although the *Union Leader* supports him, not one major Republican politician in the state has signed on to the Buchanan campaign. His Manchester organizer is supposed to be "the most hated Republican in the city," a onetime conservative candidate for local office said. The statewide contact person is a famous flake. Most of the people advancing for Buchanan in the week prior to his announcement were P.R. types from Washington.

Furthermore, if Bush sends Dan Quayle or, better yet, Jack Kemp to put down the insurrection in New Hampshire, Buchanan will be hard put to get high numbers in the pre-primary polls. Although the *Union Leader* will not be swayed from his side (it hates Kemp, possibly because of unfounded rumors once bruited by some Reaganites that involved him in a gay sexual scandal in California), a Kemp-Quayle assault will make it impossible to field a respectable conservative team to support the Buchanan campaign.

Certainly Buchanan knows that his chances of getting beyond March are slim. In fact, he does not admit to a game plan after New Hampshire. Then why is he putting himself through the torture of retail campaigning in the frozen North? He may be hoping for a main bout in 1996. But more likely he sees that there is an opening for leader of the Movement of the right, a chance to be a player in national politics on a level that no columnist or TV chatter can hope to achieve. That's not bad for him either. □

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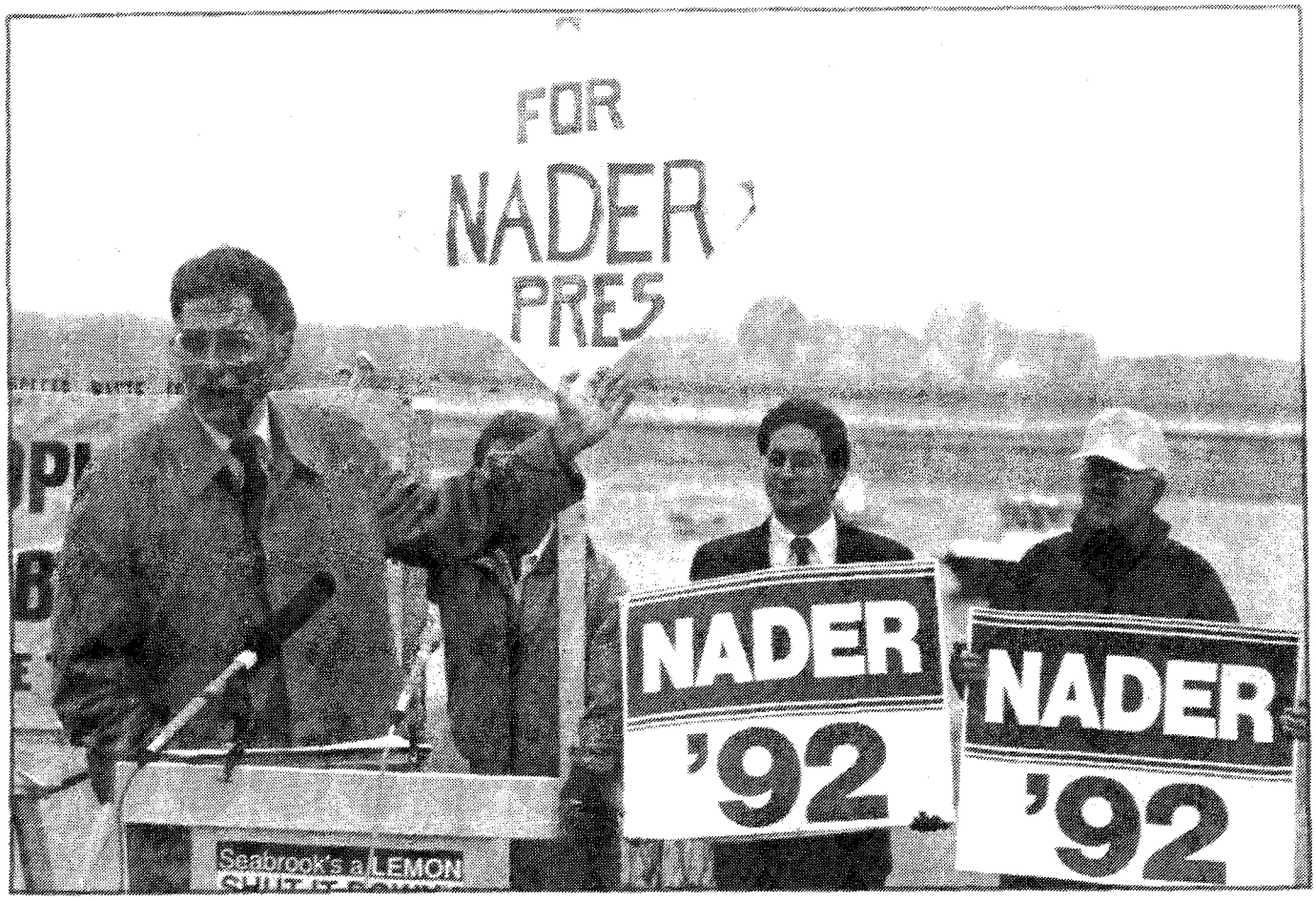

RODNEY CURTIS / Monitor staff

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Gentlemen From Harlem

PETER DAILEY

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR.: The Political Biography of an American Dilemma. *By Charles V. Hamilton. Atheneum. 595 pp. $24.95.*

VITO MARCANTONIO: Radical Politician, 1902–1954. *By Gerald Meyer. State University of New York. 303 pp. $57.50. Paper $18.95.*

One of the last times I saw Adam Clayton Powell Jr. was in 1968, and he was sitting at a table at the Moon Palace across from Columbia University. With his head of straight, jet-black hair and neatly trimmed mustache, he looked more like a movie star than a Congressman or Baptist minister, and he exhibited a celebrity's indifference to the curious pedestrians who stopped to peer over the menus posted in the window. Although Powell was fighting for his political life, he showed no sign of unease as he sat among the red lacquer Buddhas, examining his manicure and smoking a cigarette with a meditative air.

The previous winter the House of Representatives had taken the virtually unprecedented step of voting to exclude him, and for a number of years a warrant for his arrest for contempt of court had kept him from visiting his district. Nonetheless, his long-delayed return to Harlem the month before had sparked pandemonium. Following his surrender to a justice of the New York Supreme Court and release on his own recognizance, he had been welcomed back by supporters at a late-night rally at the Renaissance Ballroom at 138th Street and Seventh Avenue. The performance was vintage Powell; shedding his coat and loosening his tie, at six feet three towering over the throng that pressed around him shouting encouragement and reaching out to touch him or shake his hand, he delivered a short speech vowing to punish those black leaders he felt had betrayed him. During the next hours, the *Amsterdam News* noted, "Harlem's No. 1 Man" made stops at Small's Paradise, Basie's Bar, the Red Rooster and half a dozen other nightspots. He had not slept when, at noon the next day, he addressed a rally at 125th Street in pouring rain and then, surrounded by his entourage, marched up Seventh Avenue to the Abyssinian Baptist Church. "He was a rascal, I'm telling you," one longtime acquaintance recalled, "but he had charm—no question he had charisma—and he had that community in the palm of his hand."

Charles V. Hamilton's *Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.: The Political Biography of an American Dilemma* is the most comprehensive examination to date of the career of the flamboyant Congressman whose historic achievements were largely overshadowed by his controversial downfall. The dominant figure in Harlem politics for more than thirty years, at the peak of his career in the mid-fifties Powell was the leading national spokesman for African-Americans, and was known as "Mr. Civil Rights" for his uncompromising opposition to segregation and racial discrimination. An otherwise critical article in *The New York Times* conceded that Powell had "won a reputation as the nation's most militant Negro leader," one who had "done more to dramatize the civil rights issue than any other man in modern times."

What angered the political pros most was Powell's refusal to stay bought.

A man with great political gifts, the debonair Powell was a spellbinding public speaker. Restlessly pacing back and forth on the rostrum, he could hold an audience for hours, reiterating his points in a genial patronizing tone. When stirred to anger or amused contempt, his light baritone took on a harsh edge and had no difficulty reaching the back pews. Long before his downfall, people who knew Powell had come to deplore the profligate way he had squandered his talents and to regard him as a tragic figure. Arthur Spingarn, president of the N.A.A.C.P., spoke for many when he said that if only Powell had had character, he would have been a great man.

As early as 1943, journalist Roi Ottley noted that "while loudly applauding his achievements, Negroes frankly distrust him," and questioned whether he had any goal other than attaining power. Even more than with most politicians, with Powell it was impossible, and pointless, to attempt to disentangle public and private motives. In exchanging his endorsement for large cash payments to cover "campaign expenses," Powell exhibited a rapacity that offended even hardened political pros. But what angered them most was his refusal to stay bought. He was always ready, Hamilton notes, to reach an accommodation, "not only with the highest bidder, but apparently also with the latest bidder." Most of this behavior African-American leaders could tolerate. What they could not accept was Powell's penchant for walking away from a political fight when he got bored, regardless of the stakes, and for turning on his friends without notice, often with a gratuitous viciousness.

One of the many anomalous aspects of Powell's career, and a striking illustration of the absurdity of American racial conventions, was that the man who for two decades was the most highly visible spokesman for black aspirations was a "Negro by courtesy" and had no discernible African ancestry. Although he occasionally told interviewers that his grandfather had been a branded slave and that as a child he had traced a scar in the shape of a letter P on his back, Powell was actually a descendant of free-born tenant farmers, part of Virginia's tiny light-skinned elite. The son of Adam Clayton Powell Sr., pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, which he had built into one of the nation's largest Protestant congregations, Powell was born, one of his colleagues acknowledged, "to walk a royal road."

Neither studious nor notably introspective, then or later, Powell revealed little in his school career that would presage the transformation that occurred after his graduation from Colgate, when his father engineered his ordination and made him an assistant minister at Abyssinian. From the start, Powell not only displayed remarkable organizing and administrative skills—supervising the Abyssinian's distribution of food, clothing and coal to Harlem families during the Depression—but a hitherto undetected capacity for hard work.

Peter Dailey is a writer and attorney.

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Even more remarkable was his metamorphosis into a spokesman for the black masses. During the Harlem Hospital strike in 1933, he emerged as the leader of the insurgents, and throughout the thirties, the young minister was at the forefront of Harlem's protest movements. He was a familiar sight during the boycott of stores on 125th Street, and during the campaign to force the Fifth Avenue Coach Company to hire black drivers and mechanics. Powell could be seen carrying a sign on the picket line, a pipe clenched between his teeth. At the Scottsboro rallies, and on a dozen other occasions, he was the articulate voice of popular discontent, haranguing audiences from a platform on the back of a truck.

It is hard not to see his identification with Harlem protest movements as part of his rebellion against his father and the N.A.A.C.P. types with whom he was associated. Powell made his name as a spokesman for the black masses, and throughout his career, the threat of taking to the streets was a club that Powell wielded against "big Negroes" with great effectiveness. He seemed to delight in ridiculing the black middle class, of which there could have been no more certifiable member than himself.

The "American dilemma" of Hamilton's title alludes, of course, to sociologist Gunnar Myrdal's influential 1944 examination of the gap between American ideals and the social practices epitomized by de jure segregation in the South and de facto segregation in the North. Hamilton, however, is also referring to a more specific problem, a perennial quandary, apparent ever since African-Americans first began to formulate a political response to their oppression: "How does one balance pragmatic politics based on objective reality with a clear, pure stand on moral grounds?" Under what circumstances is strategic compromise, which appears to acquiesce in continuing segregation or other injustice, warranted? When are the moral claims of those who would militantly adhere to a principled position, regardless of the consequences, paramount? For Powell, there was no escaping the horns of this particular dilemma and no answer for all political seasons. His career illustrated the virtues and limitations of these competing approaches.

For much of his tenure in Congress he was, Hamilton notes, the "quintessential irritant," a role for which he was peculiarly well suited. Hamilton suggests that it was as if he had "consciously decided to make Americans as blatantly uncomfortable as possible with the discrepancy between creed and practice. His aim in race relations was not to be polite, but . . . to raise the discomfort level as high as possible." He took particular pleasure in baiting John Rankin, the arch-segregationist from Mississippi; the exchanges between the two received extensive coverage in the Negro press. When Rankin announced after Powell's election that he would refuse to sit next to him in Congress, Powell made a point of heading in Rankin's direction every time he spotted him in the chamber. On one occasion, Rankin was reported to have changed his seat five times.

His legislative strategy was equally confrontational. With Clarence Mitchell of the N.A.A.C.P., he devised what became known as the Powell Amendment, a rider attached to all appropriations measures stipulating that federal funding would be withheld from any racially segregated facility. This controversial tactic insured the defeat of a wide range of progressive legislation, particularly in the area of federal aid to education, public housing and health care. Nonetheless, in the opinion of Roy Wilkins it laid the groundwork for the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Powell's greatest legacy.

For most observers, Powell's career reached its culmination in the 1960s, when he attained unprecedented institutional power, for an African-American, as chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, and helped secure passage of key Great Society legislation. But Hamilton, a professor of government at Columbia University, contends that other liberal legislators would have been equally effective. He persuasively argues that it was as a militant advocate of racial justice in the 1940s and 1950s—a time when "if *he* did not speak out, the issue would not have been raised"—that Powell played his unique historical role.

Powell often derided the older generation of African-American leaders as Uncle Toms, and he was particularly scathing in his criticism of the brokering, wire-pulling and manipulation of white patrons they preferred to more militant tactics. Yet Hamilton demonstrates that in spite of Powell's defiant rhetoric, the insider's game became increasingly seductive as his tenure in Washington lengthened. He was on easy and cordial terms with members of the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations and attempted to exploit these contacts. All too frequently, however, in the end it was unclear who had been manipulated. In par-

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ticular, a series of politically motivated prosecutions for income tax evasion and an ongoing investigation of his finances that lasted for almost a decade left him with his appetite for confrontation notably diminished.

The bane of reformers and regulars alike, Powell had risen to power outside conventional political channels, making, the late Democratic boss J. Raymond Jones records, the "occasional insouciant bow" toward his fellow Democrats when expediency dictated. Jones himself had been largely unsuccessful in his attempts to tame "that temperamental leopard in my backyard." And in 1958, when Powell fought off a Tammany effort to unseat him, he had risen, in Jones's opinion, to "rhetorical and charismatic heights that Harlem has never seen before and probably will never see again." Powell used to tell Harlem audiences, "I know you will vote for me until I die, and even after I'm dead I think some of you will write my name in."

Powell's place in the Congressional power structure, however, was considerably less secure. The drive against Powell, which began as an attempt by liberal colleagues to clip his wings because of his chronic absenteeism and the highhanded way he administered his committee, soon took on a life of its own. At least initially, Powell was in his element dealing with the press, displaying great aplomb as he bantered with reporters while seated in the chairman's chair, waving his cigar and blowing smoke rings. His problems were exacerbated by negative publicity resulting from a junket to Europe with two female companions, and by the revelation that he had placed his estranged wife on his staff payroll in a no-show job and was pocketing her salary.

Convinced that his electoral position was unassailable, Powell sought to rally his constituents by raising the cry of racism. Without question, racism was a significant ingredient in Powell's downfall, but it was hardly the determining one, and doesn't explain the lackluster backing he received from civil rights organizations or the steady erosion of the support of liberal colleagues. Powell consistently undermined the efforts of his defenders and seemed, Jones noted, "quite capable of doing things that even a high school politician would avoid." Well into middle age, he was still recognizably the spoiled minister's son, with a fondness for high living that he made little effort to conceal, a damaging departure from the mores of scores of equally venal and corrupt colleagues in Congress.

As the movement against him gained strength, Powell displayed a curious fatalism. He had enormous contempt for most white people and regarded Congress as a bastion of hypocrisy, unfit to pass judgment on him. In the face of deepening controversy he remained totally unrepentant. At crucial moments in the fight, when a compromise might have been patched together, he was away in Bimini and refused to return. The cover of *Newsweek* showed him at his island retreat in beach clothes and sunglasses, unable to repress a smirk. "Anybody that would leave Bimini would be a fool," he informed one reporter. In fact, his stay on Bimini was not an uninterrupted idyll: Sporting a bad dye job and putting back a quart of vodka a day, Powell suffered the indignity of seeing his longtime mistress leave him for the captain of his fishing boat.

Vito Marcantonio was, if anything, even more controversial than Powell.

After his expulsion from the House, Powell was immediately re-elected to fill the vacancy but was largely absent for the remainder of his term. Because his salary was being docked to pay the fine levied against him, he let it be known that for part-time pay, he would only be a part-time Congressman. Finally, in his last bid for re-election, in 1970, he hardly bothered to campaign. In spite of this he lost to the present incumbent, Charles Rangel, by only 150 votes.

In 1971 at the first Ali-Frazier fight at Madison Square Garden, I was part of the crowd by the banks of escalators when Powell arrived with a group of his cronies, waving away the ticket takers. Pushed along by the crush in the lobby, I found myself in line behind the great man for the interminable ride to the cheapest seats at the top of the arena. Although he could have used a shine and had a faintly seedy aspect, he was still, at 62, taller and handsomer than anyone around him. He was also mortally ill with cancer. At the top, he signaled to the head usher, calling out in his grating voice, "Do you think you could find something for a thirteen-term Congressman?" The usher, an older black man, undoubtedly jeopardized his job when he hastened to accommodate him. Plainly, Powell's disgrace and fall from power had not affected the ties between him and the ordinary working people who had supported him so overwhelmingly. Nothing he did or could have done would have diminished their allegiance. He died in Miami the following spring.

Hamilton's admirable study not only provides insight into this complex and contradictory personality but helps illuminate a neglected period in the civil rights struggle. Although his sympathetic and judicious assessment of Powell is largely persuasive, the burden of judgment ultimately rests with the reader. If this book is unlikely to resolve the dispute over Powell's career and character, it is because the controversies Powell embodied are still very much with us.

The career of Vito Marcantonio, the radical Congressman who represented East Harlem nearly continuously from 1934 to 1950, was, if anything, even more controversial than Powell's, and more roundly anathematized. But unlike Powell, Marcantonio has been largely forgotten.

An outspoken critic of the New Deal—which he saw as a collection of grossly inadequate half-measures—the flamboyant Marcantonio was one of labor's staunchest allies. During his seven terms in Congress, Marcantonio, Gerald Meyer notes in his valuable study *Vito Marcantonio: Radical Politician, 1902–1954*, fought for the interests of working people against a ruling class he believed was bent on maintaining its hegemony. "Marc," as he was known to his admirers, campaigned for greater public housing, liberalized immigration laws, civil rights legislation and Puerto Rican independence. The only member of Congress from the American Labor Party (A.L.P.), he became so thoroughly identified with the domestic and foreign agenda of the Communist Party that most of his career was spent in a political isolation his natural combativeness only enhanced.

Almost from the beginning, Marcantonio faced formidable opposition. In time, the coalition arrayed against him included all the major parties; the Archdiocese of New York; a large segment of liberal opinion, ranging from Eleanor Roosevelt to John Dewey; and newspapers from *The New York Times* to *Il Progresso*. Every two years his opponents

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renewed their onslaught, but each time his deeply conservative constituents adamantly returned him to office.

Although Meyer manages to capture the flavor of Marcantonio's personality, what emerges is less a conventional biography than an attempt to answer the question of why, out of the handful of Depression-era Congressmen on the far left, only Marcantonio was able to win re-election to term after term. What enabled Marcantonio to defy the "basic truism of American political life," which says that radical politicians "can only be elected under very special circumstances and then either move into the political mainstream or be defeated"?

Part of the answer lies in Marcantonio's relation to his constituents. The heart of his district was the area south of 125th Street between Third Avenue and the East River. Between 1920 and 1950, this was the largest Italian neighborhood in the United States, block after block of tenements housing immigrants and second-generation working-class families from Naples, Sorrento, Calabria and Sicily. Marcantonio lived his entire life within a three- or four-block radius of his birthplace on East 112th Street. Sharing a four-room apartment with his wife, mother, grandmother and brother, in all outward aspects he conformed to the southern Italian life style and mores. He maintained law offices on East 116th Street, was shaved every morning by the local barber, had his coffee with his political associates at a neighborhood cafe and bought his newspaper at the corner newsstand.

Marc's status as an insider was such that attacks on him as a Communist were largely perceived as attacks on the community at large. A dynamic speaker, he held rallies on election eve at 116th and Lexington that were, like Fiorello La Guardia's, communal celebrations; crowds of more than 15,000 people gathered under electric lights that spelled out "LUCKY CORNER—RE-ELECT MARCANTONIO" in fifteen-foot letters. When the polls closed there were bonfires and torch-lit processions through the streets of East Harlem.

For these people, as Meyer recognizes, "pragmatic and cultural concerns" outweighed "explicitly ideological issues." And Marcantonio understood from the beginning of his career that in a spectacularly inward-looking community like Italian Harlem, a politician was expected to function as an intermediary with the outside world.

The clubhouse of the Vito Marcantonio Political Association occupied the ground floor of a brownstone on 116th Street. When not in Washington, Marcantonio, assisted by a staff of lawyers and social workers, was available to meet his constituents, frequently as many as 300 a day. According to Meyer, Marcantonio was very much in the style of an old-fashioned padrone. A visitor who had waited until his or her number was called would be escorted to the platform where Marcantonio was seated. Without rising, Meyer notes, "he would give a limp handshake and greet his guest with the single query, 'What can I do for you?'" Listening, counseling, asking an occasional question in Italian, Spanish or Yiddish, Marcantonio tried to solve every problem, from obtaining city housing, finding jobs with the W.P.A. and dealing with immigration problems to filling out income tax forms and fixing parking tickets. Notoriously improvident, Marcantonio would often meet appeals for coal or medical expenses by reaching into his own pocket.

The political behavior of Italian-Americans during this period, Meyer argues, "evidenced a high degree of alienation from the major political institutions, indeed from the political process itself." A La Guardia protégé, Marcantonio benefited from the peculiar party structure that prevailed in the 20th Congressional District and the lack of any fixed allegiances: At various times he had the Democratic, Republican and A.L.P. nominations, sometimes all of them at once.

With the dissolution of these coalitions and attempts to gerrymander him out of existence by redrawing his district, the support of the Communist Party became crucial. Because Marcantonio's Congressional campaigns were the most expensive in New York and required enormous infusions of volunteers and cash, he could not have remained in office as long as he did without help from the C.P. and C.P.-dominated or allied organizations.

Although he was not a party member and appears to have resisted attempts to enlist him, a great number of his closest associates were Communists, and organizations like the A.L.P. and the International Labor Defense, in which Marcantonio was active, were firmly under party control by the late thirties. The pro-Mussolini sentiments of his East Harlem constituents had made it expedient for him to downplay his opposition to Italian Fascism. Similarly, the views of American Communists on foreign policy questions, which closely reflected those of the

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Soviet Union, were ones he could not afford to ignore. While there were a number of small divergences, his adherence to these positions was almost total.

Though he was subject throughout his career to scurrilous attacks, Marc's identification with the Communist Party was not one he ever sought to disavow or downplay. Nor did he hesitate to reinforce it by campaigning against the Dies Committee's hearings on "un-American activities," and by devoting most of his time after being voted out of office to representing W.E.B. Du Bois and defendants in Smith Act prosecutions.

Until the end, in 1954, when he dropped dead of a heart attack a few blocks from City Hall at the age of 52, he remained a committed advocate of the causes he'd always espoused; at the time he was laying the groundwork for a new campaign. And although Cardinal Spellman refused to allow a religious burial or a requiem to be sung, large crowds lined Third Avenue to see his coffin borne away.

Marcantonio accomplished what had not been realized anywhere else in the United States: "the mobilization of the latent rebelliousness of the Southern Italians." Yet in the end he failed to transform East Harlem's political culture in a lasting way; little of its radical tradition survived him—no organization, successor or even consistent set of political beliefs. This, in Meyer's judgment, was largely a consequence of Marcantonio's highly personalized politics. When Marcantonio died, he writes, "almost everything died with him." But then the community of Italian Harlem itself, though still a part of living memory, has disappeared, leaving few traces. The sixty volumes of Marcantonio papers, which Meyer found lying largely unexamined in the New York Public Library, and the book he has fashioned from them, are vivid and compelling reminders. □

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Chasing History

LAURIE STONE

MAUS II: A Survivor's Tale. And Here My Troubles Began. *By Art Spiegelman. Pantheon. 136 pp. $18.*

It has taken Art Spiegelman thirteen years to complete *Maus*, a memoir of his parents' survival of the Holocaust and his own journey from a barbarous childhood—years spent pinned beneath the hairy paw of his tyrannical father. With the publication of *Maus II*, the author/cartoonist has achieved a wondrously spare, fanciful and profound work of art, one that takes as accurate a measure of private anguish as of global nightmare. Imaginatively, delicately, Spiegelman meditates on the saving grace of perspective—knowing what is big and what is little as contexts shift. In the face of pain and defeat, his books attest, a sense of irony is the surest consolation, the steadiest provision for sanity.

Spiegelman's ruling conceit—drawing Jews as mice, Germans cats, Poles pigs, Americans dogs, etc.—is an ample field for playing with perspective, for it immediately points up the variable sizes and shapes characters can assume. The bestiary reflects the dual perspectives of the larger world and family trauma. From the perspective of children, all adults are potential cats: large, inscrutable, capricious and autocratic. From the perspective of Jews, Nazism brutally infantilizes: denying movement, self-will, privacy.

The *Maus* books are structured around conversations, Art winnowing out facts from his father, Vladek. Since Art's mother, Anja, committed suicide in 1968, Art has only his father's version of the past and, crimping him further, Vladek has burned Anja's diaries before the start of the project. Art and Vladek are in Queens and the Catskills, and then, as Vladek narrates, we shift to Poland, Germany, the camps. Past and present counterpoint each other, showing what in human hearts remains fixed and what can alter.

Art's tactic is to worry out loud about the tangles that his work then goes on to prove he's smoothed. Near the end of *Maus I*, he fears he's reduced his father not merely to a mouse but to a rat: a "racist caricature of the miserly old Jew." There are grounds for these alarms. He shows us a Vladek who is wealthy but steals paper towels from restrooms, a man who reuses tea bags, hoards wooden matches, pleads with a store manager to take back half-eaten packages of food.

Summering in the Catskills, Vladek is shrunken and mewling—a creature with no sense of the relative size of events. Everything ushers in panic. To insure that Art returns a phone call, he pretends to have a heart attack. When Art and his wife, Françoise, visit, he pressures them to stay, all the while arranging their clothes, cajoling them to eat his preferred foods, sputtering a racist slur in Yiddish when Françoise picks up a black hitchhiker. He rants about his second wife, Mala, who has left him after years of abuse and who he claims has robbed him. Like most bullies, he portrays himself as a victim, never as tormentor.

Still, even at his puniest, Vladek comes off so extreme and pumped, he bursts through stereotypes. He grabs readers by the lapels, lifts them off the ground and holds them in midair. Art has moved beyond the Oedipal contest to include compassion for Vladek even while shunning him. He's amused by the irony that his father is at his best when the world is at its worst, and in his books he generously restores Vladek to a stage where he can shine.

After Germany invades Poland and Vladek is tracked, he becomes resourceful and bold, all his genes coded with the imperative: Survive. He does, not in a skittering, mousy way but with a genius nose for danger and false reassurances. He escapes capture for years, distrusting phrases such as, "They're just checking papers." He hides himself and Anja in freezing barns and brashly walks the streets in search of food. Only one error has dire consequences: Believing that Jews are safer in Hungary, he arranges train passage with smugglers, who betray him and Anja to the Gestapo.

The two withstand ten months in concentration camps, Vladek in Auschwitz, where prisoners work and gradually starve to death, and Anja in adjacent Birkenau, most of whose inhabitants are quickly gassed. Vladek explains how, even amid the staggering cruelty of camp existence, culture persists in channels of communication and protection, acts of heroism and sacrifice.

For Vladek, though, survival mostly depends on luck and shrewdness. He

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knows English (also Polish, German and Yiddish), and the Polish kapo in charge of his barracks happens to want tutoring. When others are sent out to labor and freeze, Vladek is outfitted in sturdy garments and hidden in a back room. Prisoners are fed a daily ration of watery soup and bread made of flour and sawdust. "If you ate how they gave you, it was just enough to die more slowly," Vladek explains. His kapo gives him sausages and chocolate.

Even when forced to work, Vladek wrangles opportunity and relative safety, summoning skills he's learned or watched others apply. He mends boots for officers, labors as a tinsmith—at one point, as Russian troops advance, dismantling gas chambers and crematoria to destroy evidence of the atrocities. Still, Vladek is stalked by starvation and illness. He's savagely beaten when, working in Birkenau, he's caught talking with Anja. Twice he's examined by Mengele; during another inspection, having grown very thin and fearing he'll be sent to the gas chambers, he hides in a bathroom. In Dachau, he nearly dies of typhus.

He retrieves his past to please his son; it's a way of holding on to him. But as he goes back in time, Vladek expands. His language grows distilled, his sense of proportion reliable. He describes horror without exaggeration, so we apprehend it directly. And we see the mental adjustments required to ward off despair and madness—an ability to bear the ambivalence intrinsic to experience. Vladek tolerates the coexistence of mundane details and terror; the crematoria, he notes, resemble a bakery. In his view, fiendishness isn't divided off as inhuman and unreal but rather contained in his perceptions as all *too* human.

His failure, the *Maus* books show, is never observing the relationship between his Holocaust experience and his own impulse to dominate. He fails to see how he has played dictator in the family. Long before the war—we're shown through Vladek's own descriptions—he strong-arms routinely, pressing some pigeons with righteousness, guilt-mongering others with his pitiableness. He can be charming, caressing, but his aim is always closing deals. As he gets older, he gets worse.

Art worries that, in showing up his father's smallness, he's venting sadism. He *is* exacting revenge, exposing Vladek's pettiness, indulging gleefully in his analytic powers. Art worries that he's a know-it-all, exploitive and manipulative, just like his father, *the transgression from hell*. And indeed, Art does pursue agendas, enduring his father's hectoring and complaining to get his story on tape.

Vladek is condemned to skip back to the scarred grooves in his psyche, but Art doesn't duplicate his father's stagnation. He examines his role, his motives. He portrays himself cowed and shamed and chronicles former mental breakdowns. We see him retreat to a mousehole of silent rage, but when he exits, he exchanges self-pity for irony. He tells Françoise, "I wasn't obsessed with this [Holocaust] stuff . . . it's just that sometimes I'd fantasize Zyklon B coming out of our shower instead of water." His books reflect mastery over the damage of his childhood and of Vladek's past because he does perceive the relative size of suffering—understands that his own is less grave than his father's. Inside this man who must control is a mind swept by tides of memory.

Art anguishes that he trivializes history by comparing the Holocaust and domestic horror, but his concern isn't founded. In his work, history and psychological struggle shape each other; we see how destinies are marked by world events and how the drives of the inner life determine the way masses of people behave.

Art fears that the largeness of Nazism will be nibbled away by the simple, comic-strip means he uses to portray it. But the shifting reality of what is big and what is little is captured with special brilliance in his use of beasts, for it takes mice, with their animal appetites and vulnerability, to set the Holocaust on a human scale—not some hyper-real landscape of devils and martyrs. With these creatures so accessible, we're continually prodded to wonder: What would I do in their place?

Similarly, Spiegelman shifts our concepts of big and little art, investing the modest form of the comic strip with grandeur. Most artists who try harnessing high-art complexity to simple entertainments—the postmodern clown Bill Irwin comes to mind—succeed only in draining pleasure from the form they loved as children. But Spiegelman's drawing makes history immediate, at the same time uncovering a new capaciousness in comics.

His figures are minimal: kabuki masks for faces, signifying how each race looks alike to the others. The smallest variation—a pair of eyeglasses perched on a snout, eyebrows slanted in worry—particularizes. The strips are fluid, like movies, moving back and forth in time, halting for commentary and asides. Points of view continually change. Some frames depict a bird's-eye perspective, others look up, from the vantage point of a mouse, to the open-mouthed suffering of the tortured. In any one frame, doodled fantasy coexists with factual horror, each box a miniature of grab-bag reality—Breughel on a loop.

The *Maus* books should be read as a single work, and published under one cover as soon as possible. Why, they wonder, are some people frozen in place, unable to alter their perspectives? Why are some people able to imagine how others feel, picture themselves as they are perceived? Mala, who also survived the camps, tells Art that many people shared Vladek's fate and didn't turn out as rigid. Vladek recalls his father, and we glimpse another obsessive; to avoid draft into the Russian Army, he extracted fourteen of his own teeth and demanded that his sons starve themselves for months. It's a hint to why, even before Nazism, Vladek experienced life as a chase, with himself as potential prey. Finally, though, the *Maus* books provide no certain explanations for change. All wounds don't heal in time, we see, but in the space of time the paw print of earlier life can fade—and we can make a run for it. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Dislocationary Art

Philosophers, jurists and civil libertarians alike have been intrigued by an argument made by Catharine MacKinnon in the so-called Minneapolis Ordinance, which attempted to treat certain representations as being in violation of the civil rights of women. The ordinance spoke of the graphic sexually explicit subordination of women through images or words. It is not only that images that depict women in sadistic fantasies may have as consequences the actual subordination of women because they inspired sadists to realize such fantasies. Rather, the images *themselves*, whatever their consequences, subordinate women through their content. That images have the power to subordinate in this sense is widely conceded: When someone depicted the former Mayor of Chicago as in drag, wearing frilly underthings, the black community felt that to be a degradation, an unac-

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ceptable picture, and undertook to remove it from the wall. Subordination, thus, is one of the "powers of images," to borrow the expression David Freedberg uses for the title of a book that treats the phenomenon of empowered images throughout history. Freedberg's thesis is that treating images as possessing a wide range of powers is at once ancient and universal, and that the attitude persists in many of the ways in which we respond to and think about images: Think of the toppled statues of Lenin throughout Eastern Europe, or the way images are prayed to, injured, kissed or treated as uncanny throughout the world. Freedberg believes, I dare say rightly, that art historians have neglected these powers, and that in consequence there are entire empires of art to which the formalistic and iconographic modes of analysis they (and most art critics) favor have no application. They do not touch that which in images verges on their presumed magical and moral force. The testimony of the "experts" in the famous trial in Cincinnati over whether Robert Mapplethorpe's images are "obscene" is a case in point: The experts claimed that they saw the work only as "figure studies," as "classical proportions," as "symmetrical," virtually denying the almost shattering sexual energy of those morally challenging photographs.

Even so, a distinction must be drawn between the power of images and what one might call the *power of art*, where the effect of experiencing a work of art can be tantamount to a conversion, a transformation of the viewer's world. Ruskin, for example, underwent just such a transformative experience with Tintoretto's stupendous paintings in the Scuola San Rocco in Venice: "I never was so utterly crushed to the earth before any human intellect as I was today before Tintoret," he wrote his father in September 1845: "As for *painting*, I think I didn't know what it meant till today." Some years later, Ruskin sustained what he termed an "unconversion" inspired by Veronese's *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba* in Turin. He had just suffered through a dispiriting sermon on the vanity of life, and seeing the great painting against this bleak characterization of the world, he asked, "Can it be possible that all this power and beauty is adverse to the honour of the Maker of it?" His wonderful letter, again to his father, continues:

> Has God made faces beautiful and limbs strong, and created these strange, fiery, fantastic energies, and created the splendour of substance and the love of it; created gold, and pearls, and crystal, and the sun that makes them gorgeous; and filled human fancy with all splendid thoughts; and given to the human touch its power of placing and brightening and perfecting, only that all these things may lead His creatures away from Him?

Ruskin's very language belongs to the world it describes, and to which Veronese's painting reconciled him. He was converted from a kind of evangelism to a redemptive form of humanism.

The aim here is to re-place the viewer in a conceptually recast world.

Ruskin's are extreme instances of the transformative impact art can have, and the very fact that such experiences are possible must surely be part of what Hegel had in view when he claimed that art, philosophy and religion are aspects or "moments" of what he designated Absolute Spirit. My sense is that anyone who has had any sustained intercourse with art must at some time have undergone some such experience, and I hold it greatly to the credit of Robert Storr, in his inaugural exhibition as curator at the Museum of Modern Art, that he should have sought to reconnect with the possibility of such transformations. "To be moved by art," he writes, in a text that accompanies "Dislocations," as the exhibition is called, "is to be lifted out of one's usual circumstances and taken out of oneself, the better to look back upon the place one has departed and the limited identity one has left behind. With or without metaphysics, and for however brief a moment it lasts, this state may be fairly called transcendence." Of course, such dislocations are rare in anyone's affective history. Countless tourists have trudged through the Scuola San Rocco thinking of little more edifying than how chilly they feel or when lunch might be. However greatly one admires Veronese, few have been catapulted by his gorgeousness into a totally new moral attitude. And Ruskin, for all his sensitivity, was numb to works that stirred others profoundly. Speaking for myself, I was absolutely knocked off my horse by certain works of Andy Warhol that others found blank or meretricious or cynical or silly. For all their importance, dislocative experiences are unpredictable, and presuppose certain states of mind on the viewer's part that not everyone will share.

Still, dislocation is a bold direction for MoMA to take, not least of all because of the close identification of modernism with formalism, not only in the thought and writing of Alfred Barr but in the practice and discourse of any number of curators or docents when they explain works of art to one another and to the world. Formalism, moreover, as may be seen from the responses of the experts at the Mapplethorpe trial, is clearly the lingua franca of art criticism and what is tacitly appealed to and contested in the issue of "quality" that has lately so exercised the art world. It is formalism against which David Freedberg inveighs in his polemic in favor of recognizing the power of images. And it is formalism, however correctly believed to have been the philosophy and critical posture of Clement Greenberg, that has been so polemicized against by those who have sought a more political mission for art, or who practice what is called "the New Art History." The art world, especially that sector of it corresponding to middle management in industry, is today a politicized, indeed an angrily politicized, group of persons, and there can be little doubt that some of the dislocation aspired to by the seven installations of which this show consists is political: The works mean to get those who view them to think differently about matters of gender, race and war. This is not likely to happen easily, just because so many of those who will see the show already share so many of the beliefs and attitudes of the artists. Even so, I cannot suppose that the overall aim of a show, the raison d'être of which is cast in such terms as "transport" or "transcendence" or as "mapping previously unimagined spaces," can be construed as political in any narrow way. The aim is rather something like a conceptual revolution, a way of seeing things fresh, of re-placing the viewer in a conceptually recast world. This is a pretty tall order, all the more so if animated by the belief that there are works capable of doing this in any uniform and dependable way. Conversion is hardly something one can promise ticket holders as the reward of a few hours spent in the galleries.

Dislocation, moreover, does not seem to figure greatly in the day-to-day expe-

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riences with art of the MoMA cadre, typical, no doubt, of museum personnel everywhere. This is certainly the inference to be drawn from one of the works, "installed" by the French conceptual and performance artist Sophie Calle in the galleries of the museum's permanent collection. Calle's work is called *Ghosts*, which translates the French term *fantômes*, though the latter has a use in French for which we have, so far as I know, no English word at all—though I imagine "ghost" is destined to enter the language as such. A *fantôme* is the photograph of a painting that replaces the painting when the latter has been taken away from a museum wall, together with a label that explains what happened to the work: It is on loan, or being cleaned or restored, or it has been stolen. Calle had the poetic idea of substituting for the "ghost" the memories of the missing work carried by those supposed most familiar with it—curators, administrators, guards and the like. It is always interesting to find out how images are stored—I have read that Americans divide equally on the question of whether Lincoln faces right or left on the standard U.S. penny—and it is to be expected that even when a painting is as familiar as the penny, memories will conflict and decay. Remembering paintings, in fact, turns out to be almost like remembering dreams, and it is fascinating to read what Calle has written in the blank spaces on the walls where just a few weeks ago there hung a Magritte, a Modigliani, a Seurat, a Hopper, a de Chirico. It is easy to pick out the official MoMA voice. Of de Chirico: "Very sterile, very angular." "It's mostly those typical de Chirico colors, mustard, gold, brown, and blue." The angry feminist voice is readily identified as well. Of Magritte: "It's just one more picture where the woman is naked and the men are clothed." Of Modigliani: "It's like any other nude. It's a horizontal painting of a female lying naked." And then there are the usual bitchy art world voices. Of Hopper: "An icon of American art. I respect it historically but I'm not passionate about it." Of Seurat: "There's something anal about it." These are voices of the located, rather than the dislocated. Storr draws a certain moral from Calle's work. It should "at the very least, give pause to those who declare themselves to be sure of the import of such canonical pictures." "Canonical" is tendentious: I would say it shows how unsure we ever are of the import of pictures, given the immense diversity of individual histories and beliefs. Some of Calle's ghosts are very evocative and poetically confessional. It would be interesting to know at least the rank in museum hierarchy of the different orders of respondents: Are the guards more likely than the curators to say such things as, "You have the feeling you are not in reality, you are on a film set, and something is wrong . . . " of the de Chirico? Or of the Seurat: "The painting reminds me of a sequined dress." Anyway, what ghosts would be left behind from the memories of the non-canonical works in "Dislocations"? Ruskins are few and far between.

The closest to a transformative experience was occasioned for me by Bruce Nauman's *Anthro/Socio*, though part of its impact was due to certain accidents of when I viewed it. There were just a few shadowy visitors in the darkened gallery, with a few more crossing the largely empty space. It made no impact on a friend who was at the opening, when this particular room was dense with guests standing in line to see the next exhibit, and paying no attention to the work. Could the fact that I was one of a handful, each of us in fact paying attention, an enhancement of the experience? In any case, it consists of three colossal projections of the same male head onto the bare walls, one of the heads upside down. The heads are chanting, over and over, as if it were a mantra, what sounds like calls for help. The same striking head, sometimes upside down again, appears on several monitors placed here and there in the gallery, taking up the chant, as if a chorus of semblables. The volume of the sound, the volume of the *room*, the repetition, with felt intensity, of the phrases "Feed me/Eat me/Anthropology. Help me/Hurt me/Sociology," the urgency of the voices, the floor-to-ceiling scale of the dislocated heads, achieve a very powerful effect, especially when experienced in a near empty gallery where one sees other visitors silhouetted, singly or in pairs, against the chanting heads. But if it was dislocating, it was so only momentarily, and it left me with nothing by way of a transformed philosophy. The world after Nauman looks a lot like the world pre-Nauman. Perhaps that is because, knowing there is more to come, one is primed to see what the next installation does.

The next installation I saw was Louise Bourgeois's *Twosome*, having taken a wrong turn in the intended progression of the exhibition. Hers has something of the scale of Nauman's, and it enacts an alternation where his merely chants alternations, but her work uses mechanical protagonists rather than explicitly human ones, and does not touch us with the same immediacy of sympathy. Her alternation is what Alex, in *A Clockwork Orange*, calls "The old in-and-out." The work consists of two very large tanks, rescued for the purposes of art from the scrap yard, lying on their sides, but end to end. The one with the larger diameter has windows cut into it, through which a sort of reddish light shines out. The other slides in and out of it on tracks. It is thus a sort of love machine, an emblem perhaps of the act of love in an age of mechanical reproduction. The receiving cylinder can be seen as a kind of shelter, what with the windows, and so a sort of woman-house (or perhaps a house-wife). One senses that some mischievous reading is intended, like: House-wives are screwed. In a personal statement, Bourgeois philosophizes a bit on in/out as the general metaphysical condition of humankind: We are in/out of love, in/out of luck, in/out of debt, and so on. But none of this is made visual enough by a work that seems awfully large to be at best a kind of joke on the circumstances of copulation. One waits for a more ample revelation, but none comes. It in any case diluted the impact of the Nauman.

Hammons's art ends up sullen and inert in the museum.

I ought to have seen Bourgeois's work after passing through an installation by Ilya Kabakov called *The Bridge*. Indeed, there is a bridge, from which one sees, in the dark space of the room it traverses, furniture pushed back against the walls. A narrative is pinned to a bulletin board, telling of what was to have been a critique, in a housing project in Moscow in 1984, of some paintings held to display "dangerous bourgeois tendencies." This event never came off. The furniture instead was all pushed where one sees it, and there, in the cleared space, are what are described as "groups of little white people, constantly exchanging places." Binoculars have been placed along the bridge for us to look at what to New Yorkers have the appearance of cock-

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roaches dusted with boric acid, showing their usual negatively phototropic behavior. One feels that some magic must have leaked out of Kabakov's installation in its transit from Moscow to New York, where it appears as a sort of mess intended to be a hybrid of political satire and science fiction.

I felt there was little magic to leak out of David Hammons's piece on the third floor, the title of which is *Public Enemy*. It consists of a sort of barricade surrounding blown-up photographs of a piece of public sculpture of an earlier era: Teddy Roosevelt, mounted, is flanked by a Native American and an African-American on foot. Some guns lie here and there against the barricade, and there are balloons and streamers coming down from the ceiling, as if a victory were being celebrated, or had been. Hammons is a legendary artist, latterly much honored, whose work, until now, has been street art, made of things found in the street, for an audience whose habitat is the street. It is easy to understand the impulse to bring a vision such as his within museum space, which I fear rather defeated it. Given his edificatory impulses, he ought to have put museum space into question, but instead he settled for a political diorama not worthy of his true powers. Had such a work been created in public space, around a real monument, it might have been inspiring and even dislocative. But here it is merely sullen and artistically inert.

Another clear failure is Chris Burden's *The Other Vietnam Memorial*, which is doubly defective. It is defective as art, in the first instance, and it is defective because it ought to have been good if it was done at all. The idea is certainly a good one—to memorialize those who died in the conflict but are not memorialized in the Vietnam Veterans Memorial because they were on the other side. It has the form of a bulletin board with rotating leaves, on each of which is etched the "names" of dead Vietnamese, in tiny, tiny letters. It touches no emotions, not least of all because the names are generic Vietnamese names, designating anyone and no one. The power of Maya Lin's masterpiece is that there is a direct causal and semantic tie between each name and a specific individual, so that in touching the name one is multiply related to that very person. Had she used generic American names—Smith, Brown, Robinson, Jones—it would have failed just as Burden's does. After all, we are not talking about Unknown Soldiers. It shows disrespect for the very persons it was meant to represent by putting an abstract screen of namelike marks between them and us. No one is moved to touch this memorial.

The final work, by Adrian Piper, is about racial stereotypes: In a sort of amphitheater, an African-American male declaims from monitors positioned atop a central pillar that he is not lazy, not shiftless, not sneaky, scary . . . is not any of the things men like him are said to be. It is not that he is a *Mann ohne Eigenschaften*—a "Man without Qualities"—but a man of whom those racist predicates are not true. One can be, one perhaps must be, moved by the message without especially being moved by the work. New Yorkers have seen the theme of racism addressed by Piper, who is a philosopher and a teacher of philosophy, in works that show her engaged in an acidic pedagogy, mocking the viewer, insinuating, putting us off balance. When one of these works showed up in the window of the New Museum, passers-by who paused to look at it responded with anger. Perhaps this work is diminished by Nauman's, with which it in any case shares the feature of talking heads.

There is a distinction to be made between bad art and failed art. Nothing in this show is bad, but a lot of it fails, perhaps because of the burden put on it by the charge to dislocate us. It has on the other hand two successes—Calle's and Nauman's—and a near success in Bourgeois's affectionate tanks. And the show itself, as distinguished from its contents, is a great success, reconnecting our concept of art with that for the sake of which art, after all, exists: to move the souls of men and women. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 2*)

to another loyalty: a breath he shares with 5 billion people, only a relative few of whom are Americans. Each breath is a dream whispering to be realized, a hope for a full and happy life. For me, there is nothing in the blast of an M-16, or in a Pentagon press briefing—or in a public debate over the definition of patriotism—that argues eloquently on behalf of life. The best argument for peace I know is the ceaseless tide of one human breath.

Joel Preston Smith

CORRECTION

In Edward W. Said's holiday list [Dec. 30], Alban Berg's name was misspelled because of an editorial error.

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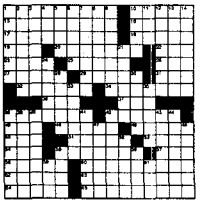

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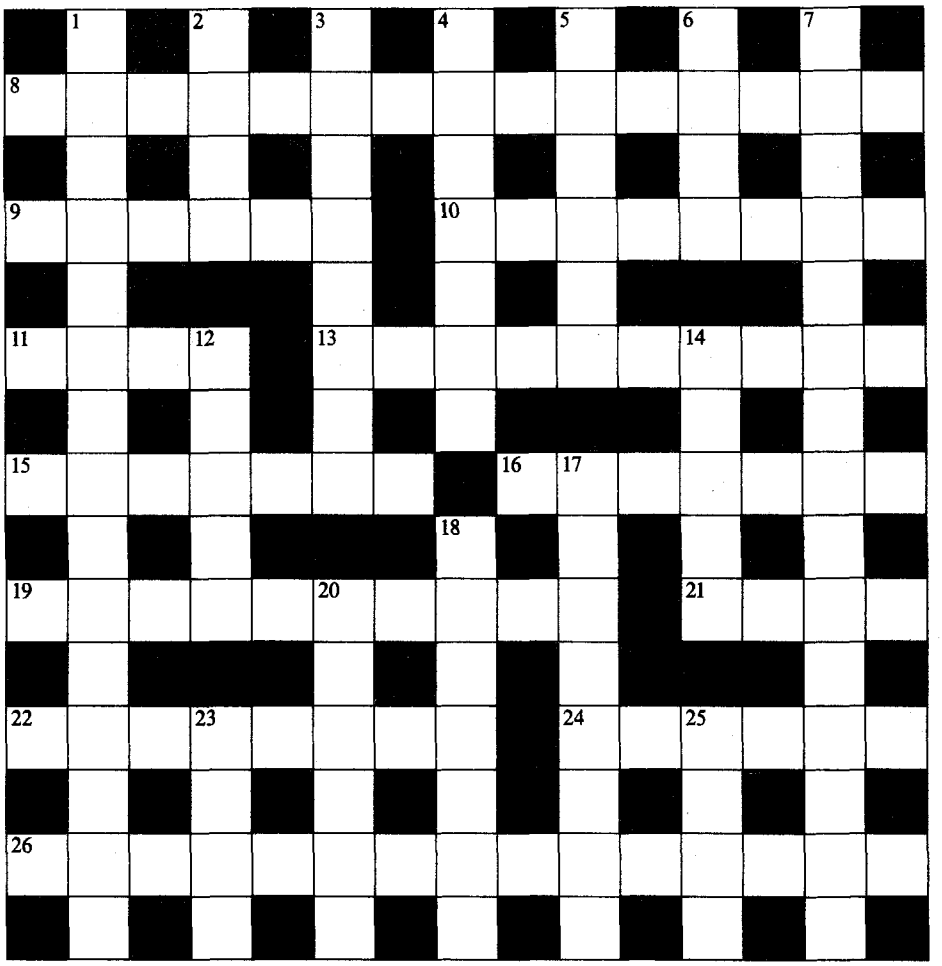
R	E	H	E	A	T	S	■	N	E	S	T	I	N	G
S	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	N	■	A
■	■	D	E	T	E	R	I	O	R	A	T	I	O	N
A	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	G
S	U	P	E	R	F	O	R	T	R	E	S	S	■	■
P	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	I	■	M	■	C	■	C
I	M	P	A	I	R	S	■	O	R	E	G	A	N	O
R	■	P	■	N	■	L	■	N	■	R	■	L	■	R
A	V	I	D	I	T	Y	■	I	N	S	U	L	T	S
T	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	O	■	O	■	E
E	N	S	U	R	E	■	S	T	A	N	D	P	A	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2365

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

8 What flies are hit with, where Quasimodo could be found, is a crazy description! (4,2,3,6)
9 Notice there's a display about it—follow closely! (6)
10 Cool and collected face the equivalent. (4,4)
11 Your altitude shows what may be either a river or a mountain. (4)
13 It makes earth a bitter disappointment. (10)
15 The sort in financial trouble has to be written again. (7)
16 See 2 down
19 A piece of twine with a net woven of what might look rather severe. (10)
21 Reputedly a real comer in WWI song. (4)
22 With war tediously examined, you'll get frustrated! (8)
24 If it comes back, allow us commonly to get lace knotted by hand. (6)
26 If rural, a powerful force in Roosevelt's program. (15)

DOWN

1 With too much weight on what belongs to the lady, not so much with offspring, especially if an orphan. (10,5)
2 and 16 Evidently drove a great deal, where you might find lemons occasionally. (4,3,4)
3 What they might call a rabbit forms flakes on the garden tool. (8)
4 Hi! It's spotless around it as the Andes are, in part. (7)
5 One who plays in the woods? (6)
6 A loud sign over the technical working area which some try to get rid of. (4)
7 Is such an act off-putting? (15)
12 More than one in a fancy cake—one expected to have plenty of eggs. (5)
14 See 25 down
17 Perhaps painting takes one before the actual evidence of good workmanship. (8)
18 Stop one at the pass, as they say, the way Anne B. ended up. (4,3)
20 An uprising gets untrue results by its very makeup. (6)
23 Bow in a roguish way? (4)
25 and 14 Last-minute come-from-behind, at least according to one side. (9)

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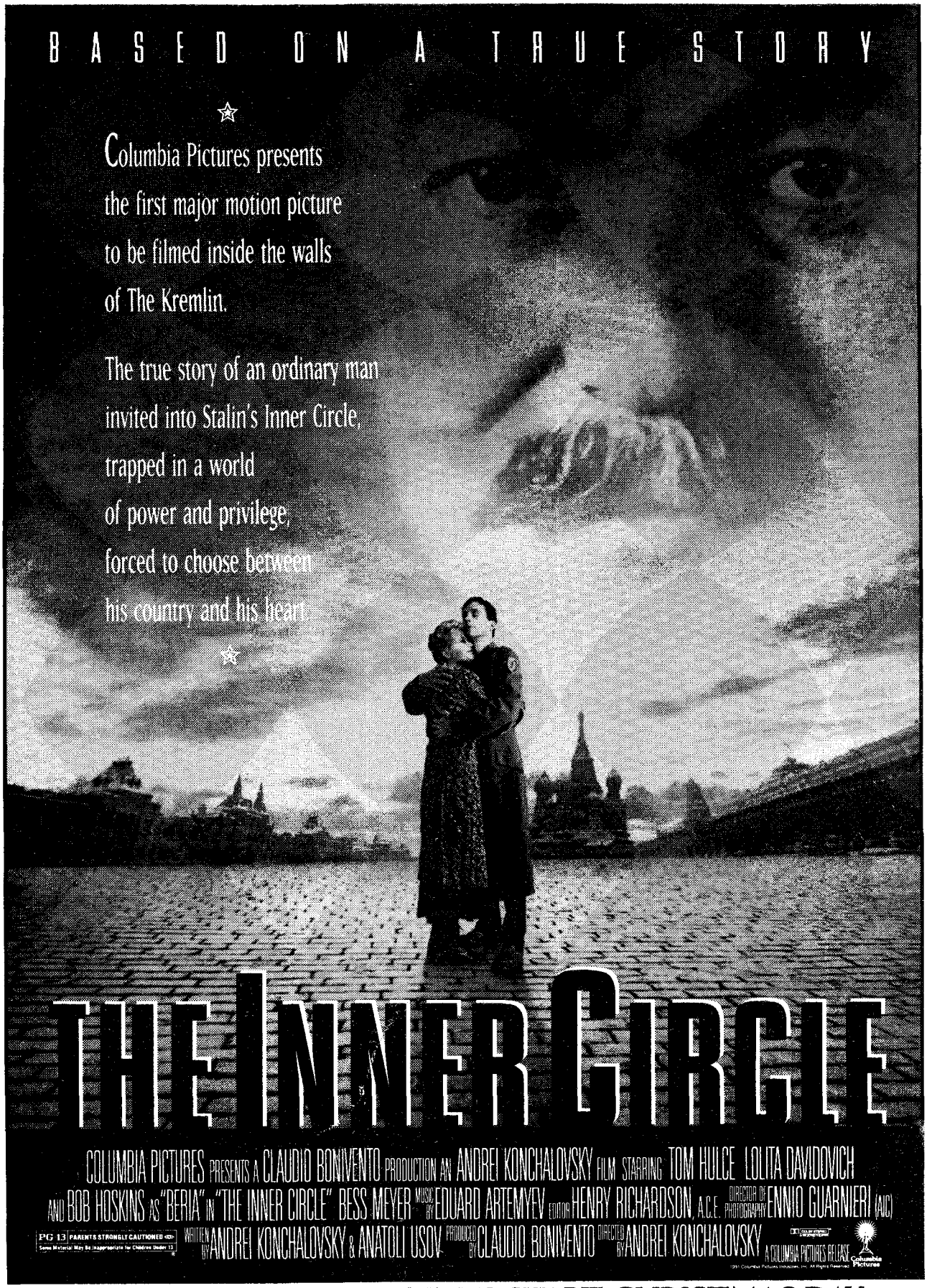
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